DAVISONS POEMS,

OR,

A Poeticall Rapſodie.

Deuided into ſixe Bookes.

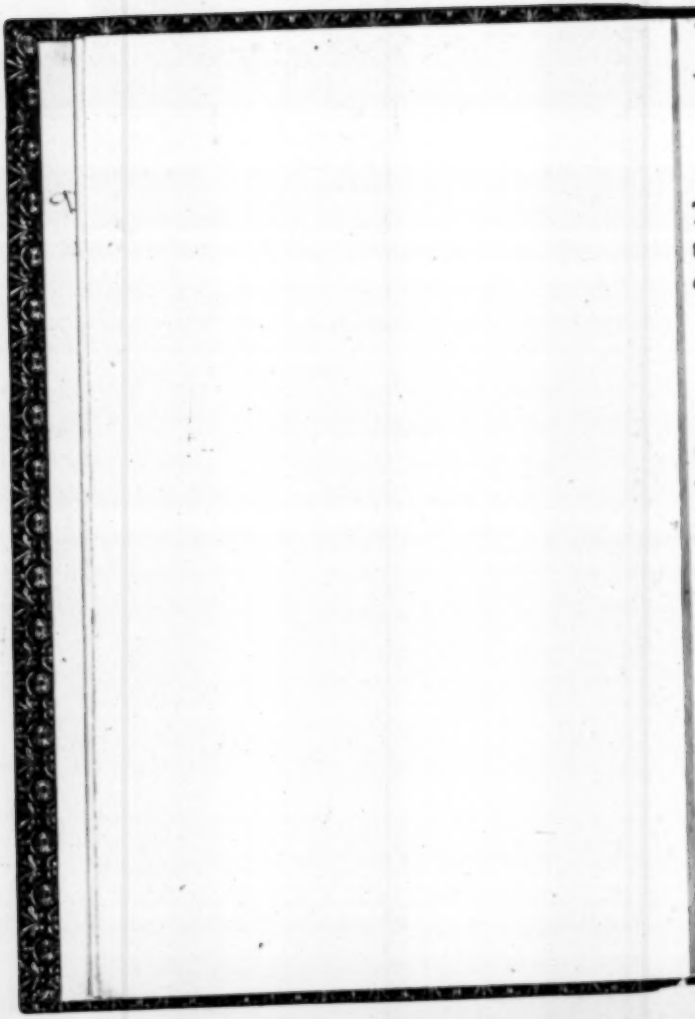
The firſt, *containing Poems and Deuiſes.*
The ſecond, *Sonets and Canzonets.*
The third, *Paſtoralls and Elegies.*
The fourth, *Madrigalls and Odes.*
The fift, *Epigrams and Epitaphs.*
The ſixt, *Epiſtles, and Epithalamions.*

For variety and pleaſure, the like neuer publiſhed.

The Bee and Spider by a diuers power,
Sucke hony and poyſon from the ſelfe ſame flower.

The fourth Impreſſion,
Newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleaſing to the Reader.

LONDON,
Printed by *B. A.* for *Roger Iackſon*, 1621.



To the moſt Noble, Honourable, and worthy Lord, *William* Earle of *Pembrok*, Lord Herbert *of Cardiffe, Marmion, and Saint Quintine, Lord Chamberlaine* of his Maieſties houſhold, one of his Maieſties moſt Honorable Priuie Counſell and Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter.

GReat Earle, whoſe braue Heroike mind is higher,
And nobler, then thy noble high Degree:
Whoſe outward ſhape, though it moſt louely be
Doth in faire Robes a fairer ſoule attire:
Who rich in fading wealth, endleſſe Treaſure
Of Vertue, Valour, Learning, richer art,
Whoſe preſent greatneſſe men eſteeme but part
Of what by line of future hope they meaſure,
Thou worthy Son vnto a peereleſſe mother,
Or Nephew to great *Sidney* of renowne,
Who haſt deſeru'd thy Coronet to crowne
With Lawrell Crowne, a Crowne excelling th'other
I conſecrate theſe Rimes to thy great Name,
Which if thou like, they ſeeke no other fame.

Fra: Daniſon.

To the Reader.

BEing induced by ſome priuate reaſons, and by the inſtant entreaty of ſpecial friends, to ſuffer ſome of my worthleſſe Poems to bee publiſhed, I deſired to make ſome written by my deere friends Anonymi, and my deerer Brother, to beare them company: Both without their conſent, the latter being in the low Country warres, and the reſt vtterly ignorant thereof. My friends names I concealed; mine own and my brothers, I willed the Printer to ſuppreſſe, as well as I had concealed the other, which he hauing put in without my priuity, wee muſt now vndergoe a ſharper cenſure perhaps then our namelesſe workes ſhould haue done, and I eſpecially. For if their Poems be liked, the praiſe is due to their inuention: if miſliked, the blame both by them, and all men, will be deriued vpon me, for publiſhed that which they meant to ſuppreſſe.

If thou thinke we affect fame by theſe kinds of writings, though I thinke them no diſparagement euen to the beſt iudgements, yet I anſwer in all our behalfes, with the princely ſhepheard Dorus.

Our hearts do ſeeke another eſtimation.

If thou condeme Poetry in generall, and affirme that it doth intoxicate the braine, and make men vtterly vnfit, either for more ſerious ſtudies, or for any actiue courſe of life, I only ſay, Iubio te ſtultum eſſe libenter. Since experience proues by examples of many, both dead and liuing, that diuers delighted, and excelling herein, being Princes or ſtates-men, haue gouerned & counſelled as wiſely: being ſouldiers, haue commanded armies as fortunately: being Lawyers, haue pleaded as iudicially and eloquently: being Diuines, haue written and taught as profoundly, and

and being of any other profeſſion, haue diſcharged it as ſufficiently as any other mē whatſoeuer. If liking other kinds, thou miſlike the Lyricall, becauſe the chiefeſt ſubiect thereof is Loue; I reply, that loue being vertuouſly intended, and worthily placed, is the whetſtone of wit and ſpur to all generous actions: and many excellent ſpirits with great fame of wit, and no ſtaine of iudgement, haue writtē excellently in this kind, & ſpecially the euer praiſe-worthy Sidney: *So as if thou wilt needs make a fault, for mine own part*

Haud timeo, ſi iam nequeo defendere crimen
Cum tanto communne viro.

If any except againſt the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this booke) of diuers things written by great and learned Perſonages, without meane and worthleſſe ſcriblings, I vterly diſclaime it, as being done by the Printer, either to grace the forefront with ſir Philip Sidneys, *and others names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume.*

For theſe Poems in particular, I could alledge theſe excuſes, that thoſe vnder the name of Anonymus *were written (as appeareth by diuers things to ſir* Philip Sidney *liuing, and of him dead) almoſt twenty yeares ſince, when Poetry was farre from that perfection, to which it hath now attained; that my brother is by profeſſion a Souldier, and was not 18. yeares old when he writ theſe toyes: that mine owne were made moſt of them 6. or 7. yeeres ſince, at idle times as I iourned vp and down during my trauails. But to leaue their works to iuſtifie thēſelues, or the Authors to iuſtifie their works, & to ſpeak of mine own; thy miſlikes I contemne, thy praiſes (which I neuer deſerue, nor expect) I eſteeme not, as hoping God willing, ere long, to regaine thy good opinion, if loſt; or more deſeruedly to contemne it, if already obtained, by ſome grauer worke, Farewell.*

 Fra. Dauiſon.

An Alphabeticall Table of all the Canzonets, Dialogues, Deuiſes, Eglogues, Elegies, Epigrams, Epitaphs, Epiſtles, Epithalamions, Madrigalls, Odes, Paſtoralls, Poems, Sonets, and other principall matters *contayned in this booke.*

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Epithabnion vpon the ſpouſals of W.A. *and* I. A.

He who firſt did inſtitute holy wedlock,
Knitting man and woman in happy bedlock,
Putting on their concupiſence a holy fetlock,
Not to be broken:
Grant O grant, ye grace to loue one another,
Like a Sifter, Chriſtian, and a brother,
So make the weaker of you a mother,
Loues happy token.

Another of the ſame.

Loue is foolery if it be not founded,
And on heauēly beauty chiefely grounded
All deformity from the firſt ſin runneth,
Al true beauty from our God only cōeth
With loues puritie him then only praiſe ye,
That by mercy he to himſelfe may raiſe ye,
Hee's the fountaine of all true perfect beauty,
And beſt merieth all harts, loue, and duty,
Then ſend vp to him al your ſighs & gronings
Then poure out to him all your teares and mournings,
And fixe only on him your ioyes and gladneſſe,
For to ioy in earthly things is madneſſe.

A ſhort Contents of all the ſixe Bookes contained *In this volume. &c.*

The 1. booke contayning Poems & Deuiſes, begins fol. 1. to folio 62.
The 2 booke. Sonets & Canzonets, begins folio. 62 to follio. 150.
The 3. book of Paſtorals & Elegies, begins folio. 150. to folio. 205.
The 4. book of madrigalls & Odes, begins folio 205. to folio 255.
The 5. book of Epigrams & Epitaphs begins folio 255. to folio 266.
The 6. book of Epiſtles. begins folio 266 to 272,
And Epithalmions begins before follio 1.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF *POEMS AND DEVISES.*

I. POEM.

YET OTHER TWELVE WONders of the World, by Sir John Danis.

I. *The Courtier.*

LOng haue I liu'd in Court, yet learn'd not all this (while,
To ſel poore ſutors, ſmoke: nor where I hate to ſmile:
Superiors to adore, Inferiors to deſpiſe,
To flye from ſuch as fall, to follow ſuch as riſe,
To cloake a poore deſire, vnder a rich array,
Not to aſpire by vice, though twere the quicker way.

II. *The Diuine.*

My calling is Diuine, and I from God am ſent,
I will no chop-Church be, nor pay my patron rent,

Nor yeeld to ſacriledge, but like the kind true mother,
Rather will looſe all the child, then part it with another,
Much wealth I will not ſeeke, nor worldly maſters ſerue,
So to grow rich & fat, while my poore flock doth ſterue.

III. *The Souldier.*

My occupation is, the noble trade of Kings,
The tryall that decides the higheſt right of things:
Though *Mars* my Maſter be, I doe not *Venus* loue,
Nor honour *Bacchus* oft, nor often ſweare by *Ioue*:
Of ſpeaking of my ſelfe, I all occaſion ſhunne,
And rather loue to doe, then boaſt what I haue done.

IIII. *The Lawyer.*

The Law my calling is, my robe, my tongue, my pen,
Wealth and opinion gaine, and make me Iudge of men.
The knowne diſhoneſt cauſe, I neuer did defend,
Nor ſpun out ſutes in length, but wiſht and ſought an end:
Nor counſell did bewray, nor of both parties take,
Nor euer tooke I fee for which I neuer ſpake,

V. *The Phyſition.*

I ſtudy to vphold the ſlippery ſtate of man,
Who dies, when we haue done the beſt and all we can.
From practiſe and from bookes I draw my learned skill,
Not from the knowne receipt of Pothecaries bill. (ſee
The earth my faults doth hide, the world my cures dot
What youth and time effects, is oft aſcribde to me.

M

VI. *The Merchant.*

My trade doth euery thing to euery land ſupply,
Diſcouer vnknowne coaſts, ſtrange Countries to ally,
I neuer did foreſtall, I neuer did ingroſſe,
Nor cuſtome did withdraw, though I return'd with loſſe:
I thriue by faire exchange, by ſelling and by buying,
And not by Iewiſh vſe, repriſall, fraud, or lying.

VII. *The Country Gentleman.*

Though ſtrange outlâdiſh ſpirits praiſe towns & country
The coũtry is my home, I dwel where I was born: (ſcorn
There profit and command with pleaſure I pertake,
Yet do not Haukes and dogs, my ſole companions make.
I rule, but not oppreſſe, end quarrels, not maintaine,
See towns, but dwel not there t'abridge my charg or train

VIII. *The Backeler.*

How many things as yet are deere alike to me,
The field, the horſe, the dog, loue armes or liberty.
I haue no wife as yet, whom I may call mine owne,
I haue no children yet, that by my name are knowne.
Yet if I married were I would not wiſh to thriue,
If that I could not tame the veriеſt ſhrew aliue.

IX. *The married man.*

I only am the man among all married men,
That do not wiſh the Prieſt to be vnlincktagen.

& thogh my ſhoo did wring. I wold not make my mone,
Nor think my neighbors chance, more happy then mine
Yet court I not my wife, but yeeld obſeruance due. (own
Being neither fond, nor croſſe, nor iealous, nor vntrue.

X. *The Wife.*

The firſt of all our Sex came from the ſide of man,
I thither am returnd, from whence our Sex began,
I doe not viſite oft, nor many, when I doe:
I tell my mind to few, and that in counſell too.
I ſeeme not ſick in health, nor ſullen but in ſorrow,
I care for ſomewhat elſe, then what to weare to morrow.

XI. *The Widdow.*

My husbād knew, how much his death would grieue me,
And therefore left me wealth, to comfort and relieue me.
Though I no more will haue, I muſt not loue diſdaine,
Penelope her ſelfe did ſutors entertaine,
And yet to draw on ſuch, as are of beſt eſteeme,
Nor yonger then I am, nor richer will I ſeeme.

XII. *The Maid.*

I marriage would forſweare, but that I heare men tell,
That ſhe that dies a maid, muſt leade an Ape in Hell.
Therefore if fortune come, I will not mock and play,
Nor driue the bargaine on, till it be driuen away.
Titles and lands I like, yet rather fancy can,
A man that wanteth gold, then gold that wants a man.

II. POEM.

A contention betwixt a Wife, a Widdow and a Maide.

Wife. WIddow well met, whither goe you to day?
Will you not to this ſolemne offering go?
You know it is *Aſtreas* holy day:
The Saint to whom all hearts deuotion owe:

Widow. Marry what elſe? I purpos'd ſo to doe,
Doe you not marke how all the wiues are fine,
And how they haue ſent preſents ready too,
To make their offering at *Aſtreas* ſhrine?

See then the ſhrine and tapers burning bright,
Come friend and let vs firſt our ſelues aduance,
We know our place and if we haue our right,
To all the pariſh we muſt leade the dance.

But ſoft, what means this bold preſumptuous maid
To goe before without reſpect of vs? (ſtaide,
Your forwardneſſe (proude maide) muſt now be
Where learnd you to neglect your betters thus?

Maide. Elder you are, but not my betters here,
This place to maids a priuiledge muſt giue:
The Goddeſſe being a maid, holds maidens deare,
And grants to them her owne prerogatiue.

Beſides, on all true virgins at their birth,
Nature hath ſent a crowne of excellence,
That all the wiues and widdowes of the earth,
Should giue them place, and doe them reuerence.

Wife. If to be borne a maid be ſuch a grace,
So was I borne and grac't by nature to,
But ſeeking more perfection to embrace
I did become a wife as others doe.

Widow. And if the maid and wife ſuch honour haue,
I haue beene both, and hold a third degree.
Moſt maides are Wardes, and euery wife a ſlaue,
I haue my liuery ſued, and I am free.

Maid. That is the fault that you haue maidens beene,
And were not conſtant to continue ſo:
The fals of Angels did increaſe their ſinne,
In that they did ſo pure a ſtate forgoe.

But Wife and Widdow if your wits can make,
Your ſtate and perſons of more worth then mine:
Aduantage to this place I will not take:
I will both place and priuiledge reſigne.

Wife. Why marriage is an honourable ſtate,
Widow And widdowhood is a reuerend degree:
Maid. But maidenhead that will admit no mate,
Like maieſtie it ſelfe muſt ſacred be.

The

Wife. The wife is miſtreſſe of her family,
Widow Much more the widdow, for ſhe rules alone:
Maide. But miſtreſſe of mine owne deſires am I,
When you rule others wils and not your owne.

Wife. Onely the wife enioyes the vertuous pleaſure,
Widow. The widow can abſtaine from pleaſures known:
Maid. But th'vncorrupted maid preſerues ſuch meaſure,
As being by pleaſures wooed ſhe cares for none.

Wife. The wife is like a faire ſupported vine,
Wid. So was the widdow, but now ſtands alone:
For being growne ſtrong, ſhe needs not to incline
Maide. Maids like the earth, ſupported are of none.

Wife. The wife is as a Diamond richly ſet,
Maid. The maide vnſet doth yet more rich appeare,
Widow. The widdow a Iewell in the Cabinet,
VVhich though not worn is ſtil eſteemd as deare.

Wife. The wife doth loue, and is belou'd againe,
Widow. The widdow is awakt out of that dreame,
Maide. The maids white minde had neuer ſuch a ſtaine,
No paſſion troubles her cleare vertues ſtreame.

Yet if I would be lou'd, lou'd would I be,
Like her whoſe vertue in the bay is ſeene:
Loue to wife fades with ſatietie,
Where loue neuer enioyed is euer greene.

Widow. Then whats a virgin but a fruitleſſe bay ?
Maide. And whats a widdow but a roſe-leſſe bryer ?
And what are wiues, but woodbinds which decay
The ſtately Oakes, by which themſelues aſpire ?

And what is marriage but a tedious yoke ?
Widow. And whats virginitie but ſweete ſelfe-loue ?
Wife. And whats a widdow but an axell broke ?
Whoſe one part failing neither part can mooue ?

Widow. Wiues are as birds in golden cages kept,
Wife. Yet in thoſe cages chearefully they ſing :
Widow. Widdowes are birds out of thoſe cages lept,
Whoſe ioyfull notes makes all the forreſt ring.

Maide. But maides are birds amidſt the woods ſecure,
Which neuer hād could touch, nor yet could take:
Nor whiſtle could deceiue, nor baite allure,
But free vnto themſelues doe muſicke make.

Wife. The wife is as the turtle with her mate,
Widow. The widdow, as the widdow doue alone :
Whoſe truth ſhines moſt in her forſaken ſtate,
Maid. The maid a Phœnix, and is ſtill but one.

Wife. The wife's a ſoule vnto her body tyed,
Widow. The widdow a ſoule departed into bliſſe,
Maid. The maid an Angell which was ſtellified,
And now t'as faire a houſe deſcended is,

Wiues

Wife. Wiues are faire houſes kept and furniſht well,
Widow. Widdowes old caſtles voide, but full of ſtate:
Maide. But maids are temples where the Gods do dwell,
To whom alone themſelues they dedicate.

But marriage is a priſon during life,
Where one way out, but many entries be:
Wife. The Nun is kept in cloyſter, not the wife,
Wedlocke alone doth make the virgin free,

Maid. The maid is euer freſh, like morne in May,
Wife. The wife with all her beames is beautified,
Like to high noone the glory of the day,
Widow. The widow like a milde ſweet euen-tide.

Wife. An office well ſupplide is like the wife,
Widow. The widow like a gainfull office voide:
Maide. But maids are like contentment in this life,
Which al the world haue ſought, but none enioid,

Go wife to Dunmow, and demaund your flitch.
Widow. Goe gentle maide, goe leade the Apes in hell.
Wife. Goe widow make ſome younger brother rich,
And then take thought and die, and all is well.

Alas poore maid, that haſt no help nor ſtay:
Widow. Alas poore wife, that nothing doſt poſſeſſe:
Maid. Alas poore widdow, charitie doth ſay,
Pittie the widdow and the fatherleſſe.

But

Widow. But happy widdowes haue the world at will,
But happier wiues whoſe ioyes are euer double:
Maide. But happieſt maids whoſe hearts are calme & ſtill,
Whom feare, nor hope, nor loue, nor hate doth (trouble.

Wife. Euery true wife hath an indented heart,
Wherein the couenants of loue are writ,
Whereof her husband keepes the counterpart,
And reades his comforts and his ioyes in it.

Widow. But euery widdowes heart is like a booke,
VVhere her ioyes paſt imprinted doe remaine,
But when her iudgements eye therein doth looke:
She doth not wiſh they were to come againe.

Maide. But the maids heart a faire white table is,
Spotleſſe and pure, where no impreſſions be,
But the immortall Caracters of bliſſe,
Which onely God doth write, and Angels ſee.

Wife. But wiues haue children, what a ioy is this?
Widow. Widows haue children too, but maids haue none
Maid. No more haue Angels, yet they haue more bliſſe,
Then euer yet to mortall man was knowne.

Wife. The wife is like a faire manured field:
Widow. The widow once was ſuch, but now doth reſt,
Maid. The maide, like Paradice, vndreſt, vntil'd,
Beares crops of natiue vertue in her breaſt.

Wh

Wife. Who would not dye a wife as Lucrece died?
Widow. Or liue a widdow as Penelope?
Maide. Or be a maide, and ſo be ſtellified,
As all the vertues and the graces be.

Wife. Wiues are warme Climates well inhabited:
But maids are frozen zones where none may dwel
Maide. But faireſt people in the North are bred,
Where Africa breeds Monſters blacke as hell.

Wife. I haue my husbands honour and his place,
Widow. My husbands fortunes all ſuruiue to me.
Maid. The moone doth borrow light, you borrow grace,
VVhen maids by their owne vertues graced be.

VVhite is my colour, and no hew but this
It will receiue, no tincture can it ſtaine.
Wife. My white hath tooke one colour, but it is
An honourable purple dyed in graine.

Widow. But it hath beene my fortune to renue
My colour twice from that it was before,
But now my blacke will take no other hue,
And therefore now I meane to change no more.

Wife. VViues are faire Apples ſeru'd in golden diſhes,
Widow. widows good wine, which time maks better much
Maide. But Maids are grapes deſired by many wiſhes,
But that they grow ſo high as none can touch.

Wife. I haue a daughter equals you my girle,
Maid. The daughter doth excell the mother then,
As pearles are better then the mother of pearle,
Maids looſe their value, whē they match with mē

Widow. The man with whō I matcht, his worth was ſuch
As now I ſcorne a maide ſhould be my peare,
Maide. But I will ſcorne the man you praiſe ſo much,
For maids are matchleſſe, and no mate can beare

Hence is it that the virgine neuer loues,
Becauſe her like ſhe finds not any where:
For likeneſſe euermore affection moues,
Therefore the maide hath neither loue nor peere.

Wife. Yet many virgins married wiues would be,
Wid. And many a wife would be a widdow faine.
Maide. There is no widdow but deſires to ſee,
If ſo ſhe might, her maiden daies againe.

Wife. There neuer was a wife that lik'd her lot:
Widow. Nor widdow but was clad in mourning weeds,
Maid. Doe what you will, marry, or marry not,
Both this eſtate and that, repentance breedes.

Wife. But ſhe that this eſtate and that hath ſeene,
Doth find great ods betweene the wife and girle
Maide. Indeed ſhe doth, as much as is betweene
The melting hayleſtone, and the ſolid pearle.

Wife. If I were Widdow, my merry dayes were paſt,
Widow. Nay, then you firſt become ſweete pleaſures gueſt,
For mayden-head is a continuall faſt,
And marriage is a continuall feaſt.

Maid. Wedlock indeed hath oft compared bin,
To publike Feaſts where meete a publike rout;
Where they that are without would faine go in,
And they that are within would faine go out.

Or to the Iewell which this vertue had,
That men were mad till they might it obtaine,
But when they had it they were twiſe as mad,
Till they were diſpoſſeſt of it againe.

Wife. Maids cannot iudge, becauſe they cannot tell,
What comforts and what ioyes in marriage be:
Maid. Yes, yes, though bleſſed Saints in heauen do dwell,
They doe the ſoules in Purgatory ſee.

Widow. If euery wife do liue in Purgatory:
Then ſure it is, that Widdowes liue in bliſſe:
And are tranſlated to a ſtate of glory,
But Maids as yet haue not attain'd to this.

Maid. Not Maids? To ſpotleſſe maids this gift is giuen,
To liue in incorruption from their birth,
And what is that but to inherit heauen,
Euen while they dwell vpon the ſpotted earth?

The

The perfectest of all created things;
The purest gold that suffers no allay:
The sweetest flower that on th'earths bosome (spring
The pearle vnbord, whose price no price can pay.

The Christall Glasse that will no venome hold,
The mirror wherein Angels loue to looke,
Dianaes bathing Fountaine cleere and cold,
Beauties fresh Rose, and vertues liuing booke.

Of loue and fortune both the Mistresse borne,
The soueraigne spirit that will be thrall to none:
The spotlesse garment that was neuer worne,
The Princely Eagle that still flyes alone.

She sees the world, yet her cleere thought doth tak
No such deepe print as to be chang'd thereby,
As when we see the burning fire doth make,
No such impression as doth burne the eye.

Wife. No more (sweete maid) our strife is at an end,
Cease now: I feare we shall transformed be,
To chattering Pies, as they that did contend,
To match the Muses in their harmony.

Widow Then let vs yeeld the honour and the place,
And let vs both be sutors to the maid:
That since the Goddesse giues her speciall grace,
By her cleere hands the offring be conuaide.

Yo

Maid. Your ſpeech I doubt hath ſome diſpleaſure mou'd
Yet let me hauet he offring, I will ſee,
I know ſhe hath both wiues and widdowes lou'd,
Though ſhe would neither wife nor widdow be.

III. POEM.

A Fiction how Cupid *made a Nymph wound her ſelfe with his Arrowes.*

IT chan'ſt of late a Shepheards ſwaine
That went to ſeeke a ſtrayed ſheepe,
Within a thicket on the plaine,
Eſpide a dainty Nymph aſleepe.

Her golden haire ore-ſpred her face,
Her careleſſe armes abroad were caſt,
Her Quiuer had her pillowes place,
Her breſt lay bare to euery blaſt.

The ſhepheard ſtood and gaz'd his fill,
Nought durſt he doe, nought durſt he ſay,
When chance or elſe perhaps his will,
Did guide the God of loue that way.

The crafty Boy that ſees her ſleepe,
Whom if ſhe wak't he durſt not ſee,
Behinde her cloſely ſeekes to creepe,
Before her nap ſhould ended be,

There

There come, he ſteales her ſhafts away,
And puts his owne into their place,
Ne dares he any longer ſtay,
But ere ſhe wakes, hies thence a pace.

Scarce was he gone, when ſhe awakes,
And ſpies the ſhepheard ſtanding by:
Her bended bow in haſt ſhe takes,
And at the ſimple ſwaine let flie.

Forth flew the ſhaft, and pierſt his heart,
That to the ground he fell with paine:
Yet vp againe forthwith he ſtart,
And to the Nymph he ran amaine.

Amaz'd to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight,
She ſhot, and ſhot, but all in vaine:
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Loue yeeldeth ſtrength in midſt of paine.

Her angry eyes are great with teares,
She blames her hands, ſhe blames her skill,
The bluntneſſe of her ſhaft ſhe feares,
And try them on her ſelfe ſhe will.

Take heede ſweete Nymph try not the ſhaft,
Each little touch will prick thy heart,
Alas, thou knowſt not *Cupids* craft,
Reuenge is ioy, the end is ſmart.

Yet

Yet try ſhe will,and prick ſome bare,
Her hands were glou'd,and next to hand,
Was that faire breſt.that breſt ſo rare,
That made the ſhepheard ſenceleſſe ſtand.

That breſt ſhe prickt, and through that breſt,
Loue finds an entry to her heart:
At feeling of this new-come gueſt,
Lord how the gentle Nymph doth ſtart,

She runnes not now,ſhe ſhootes no more,
Away ſhe throwes both ſhafts and bow:
She ſeekes for that ſhe ſhun'd before,
She thinks the ſhepheards haſt too ſlow.

Though mountaines meete not,louers may,
So others doe,and ſo do they:
The God of Loue ſits on a tree,
And laughs that pleaſant ſight to ſee.

IIII. POEM.

A complaint,of which all the ſtaues end with the words of the firſt,like a Seſtine.

I.

YE gaſtly groues,that heare my wofull cryes,
Whoſe ſhady leaues would helpe to eaſe my paine,

Thou ſiluer ſtreame that doſt with teares lament:
The cruell chance that doth with griefe increaſe:
Ye chirping birds whoſe cheereleſſe notes declare,
That ye bewaile the woes I beare in mind,
Beare witneſſe how with care I do conſume,
And heare the cauſe why thus I pine away.

2

Loue is the cauſe that makes me pine away,
And makes you heare the Eccho of my cryes
Through griefes increaſe: And though the cauſe of paine
Which doth enforce me ſtill thus to lament,
Proceede from loue: and though my paine increaſe
By dayly cries which do that paine declare,
And witneſſe are of my afflicted mind,
Yet cry I will, till crying me conſume.

3

For as the fire the ſtubble doth conſume,
And as the winde doth driue the duſt away:
So penſiue hearts are ſpent with dolefull cryes,
And cares diſtract the mind with pinching paine.
But all in vaine, I do my caſe lament;
My ſorrow doth by ſobs and ſighs encreaſe:
It nought auailes my torments to declare,
Since that my teares cannot her flinty mind

4

To pitty moue; I am caſt out of mind,
So hath ſhe ſworne I ſhall in paine conſume,
My weary dayes, my life muſt waſt away,
Conſum'd with deadly paine and reſtleſſe cryes.

Sc

So *Philomele* too much oppreſt with paine,
By his miſdeede that cauſeth her lament,
Both day and night her mournefull layes encreaſe;
And pind, in paine her ſorrowes doth declare.

5

It is ſome eaſe hid ſorrowes to declare,
But too ſmall eaſe to ſuch a grieued mind,
As by repeating cryes doth more conſume,
To end that which he finds at all no way,
But carefull ſighs mingled with ruthfull cryes,
(A ſimple ſalue to cure ſo great a paine)
Come then ye gaſtly owles, helpe me lament,
With fearefull ſhrikes, and as your ſhrikes increaſe.

6

When as the Sunne departing doth encreaſe,
The doubbled ſhadowes which as ſignes declare,
The night drawes neere: ſo I to eaſe my mind,
Here will augment my plaints; ſo to conſume
My loathed life: and though you flye away,
Soone as the day returnes and ceaſe your cryes,
Yet I vnhappy wretch oppreſt with paine,
But day and night am forced to lament,

7

So foule a change: But while I thus lament,
My griefe with teares: The more for to increaſe
My woe; with ſcoffs, my ſtate ſhe doth declare,
To him who firſt, from me her wanton mind;
By gifts did win: ſince when I ſtill conſume
Ay more and more; ne find I any way,
To eaſe my mind: but thus with mournefull cries,
I liuing dye, and dying liue in paine.

8.

And now adue delight and farewell paine,
Adue vaine hope; I ſhall no more lament,
Her fained faith whichdid my woes increaſe,
And ye to whom my griefes I thus declare,
Ye which haue heard the ſecrets of my mind,
And ſeene my lingring life in paine conſume,
Adue ye woods, and waters hence away,
By death I muſt, and ceaſe my ruthfull cries.

Ye which heare not my cries nor know my paine,
Yet do my chance lament, let pitty increaſe:
Your griefe by teares declare: To eaſe your mind,
Witneſſe how I conſume, and waſt away.

V. POEM.

Or Dialogue in Imitation of that betweene Horace *and* Lidia, *beginning*, Donec, *gratus eram tibi, &c.*

1. *Louer.*

WHile thou diddeſt loue me, & that neck of thine,
More ſweet, white, ſoft, then roſes, ſiluer, downe,
Did were a necklace of no armes but mine,
I enuide not the King of *Spaine* his Crowne.

2. *Ladie.*

While of thy heart I was ſole Soueraigne,
And thou didſt ſing none but Mellinaes name,
Whome for browne Cole thou doſt now diſdaine,
I enuide not the Queene of Englands fame.

Though

3. Louer.

Though Cole be leſſe faire, ſhe is more kind,
Her gracefull dancing ſo doth pleaſe mine eye,
And through mine eares her voyce ſo charmes my mind,
That ſo deare ſhe may liue, Ile willing dye.

4. Lady.

Though Cripſus cannot ſing my praiſe in verſe,
I loue him ſo for skill in Tilting ſhowne,
And gracefull managing of Courſiers fierce:
That his deare life to ſaue, ile loſe mine own.

5 Louer.

What if I ſue to thee againe for grace,
And ſing my prayſes ſweeter then before,
If I out of my heart blot Coles face,
Wilt thou loue me againe, loue him no more?

6 Lady.

Though he be fairer then the morning ſtar,
Though lighter then the floting Corke thou be
And then the Iriſh ſea more angry farre,
With thee I wiſh to liue, and dye with thee.

VI. POEM.

Cupid ſhoots light, but wounds ſore.

CVpid at length I ſpy thy crafty wile,
Though for a time thou didſt me ſore beguile,
When firſt thy ſhaft did wound my tender heart,
It toucht me light, me thought I felt ſome paine:

Some little prick at firſt did take me me ſmart,
But yet that griefe was quickly gone againe.
Full ſmall account I made of ſuch a ſore,
As now doth ranckle inward more and more.

So poyſon firſt the ſinewes lightly ſtraines,
Then ſtrayes, and after ſpreds through all the vaines:
No otherwiſe, then he, that prickt with thorne,
Starts at the firſt, and feeles no other griefe,
As on whoſe heart ſo little hurt did ſcorne,
And deigned not to ſeeke deſpis'd reliefe:
At laſt, when reſt doth after trauell come,
That little prick the ioynt with paine doth numme.

What may I thinke the cauſe of this thy craft,
That at the firſt thou ſlickſt not deepe thy ſhaft:
If at the firſt, I had thy ſtroake eſpide,
(Alas I thought thou wouldſt not dally ſo)
To keepe my ſelfe alwayes I would haue tride,
At leaſt, I thinke, I might haue cur'd my woe,
Yet truth to ſay, I did ſuſpect no leſſe,
And knew it too, at leaſt I ſo did geſſe.

I ſaw, and yet would willingly be blind,
I felt the ſting, yet ſtatt'red ſtill my mind.
And now too late I know my former guilt,
And ſeeke in vaine to heale my cureleſſe ſore,
My life, I doubt, my wealth I know is ſpilt,
A iuſt reward for dallying ſo before:

For

For I that would not when I might haue eaſe,
No maruell though I cannot when I pleaſe.

Clipeum poſt vulnera.

VII. POEM.

A true deſcription of Loue.

Paraphraſtically tranſlated out of Petrarkes 103. Sonnet beginning.

S. Amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io ſento.

IF Loue be nothing but an idle name,
A vaine deuiſe of fooliſh Poets skill:
A fained fire, deuoid of ſmoake and flame,
Then what is that which me tormenteth ſtill.
If ſuch a thing as loue indeede there be,
What kind of thing, or which, or where is he?

If it be good, how cauſeth it ſuch paine,
How doth it breede ſuch griefe within my breſt?
If nought, how chance the griefe that I ſuſtaine,
Doth ſeeme ſo ſweete amidſt my great vnreſt?
For ſure me thinks it is a wondrous thing,
That ſo great paine ſhould ſo great pleaſure bring.

If with my will amidſt theſe flames I fry,
Whence come theſe teares? how chance I thus complaine?

If force perforce I beare this miſery,
What helpe theſe teares that cannot eaſe my paine?
How can this fancy beare ſuch ſway in me,
But it my ſelfe conſent, that ſo it be?

And if my ſelfe conſent, that ſo it be,
Vniuſt I am thus to complaine and cry,
To looke that other men ſhould ſuccour me,
Since by my fault I feele ſuch miſery.
Who will not helpe himſelf when wel he can,
Deſerues ſmall helpe of any other man.

Thus am I toſt vpon the troublous ſeas.
By ſundry winds, whoſe blaſts blow ſundry wayes,
And euery blaſt ſtill driuing where it pleaſe,
Brings hope and feare to end my lingring daies,
The ſteers man gone, ſaile, helme, & tackle loſt,
How can I hope to gaine the wiſhed coaſt?

Wiſedome and folly is the luckleſſe fraught
My ſhip there with ballaſt vnequally:
Wiſedome too light, folly of too great waight,
My Barke and I, through them in ieopardy:
Thus in the midſt of this perplexity,
I wiſh for death, and yet am loth to dye.

Vpon

VII. POEM.

Upon an Heroicall Poem which he had begun (in Imitation of Virgil,) of the firſt inhabiting this famous Ile by Brute, and the Troians.

MY wanton Muſe that whilome wont to ſing,
Faire Beauties praiſe and Venus ſweete delight,
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her ſtring,
To higher tunes then ſerue for Cupids fight.
Shrill Trumpets ſound, ſharp ſwords & Lances ſtrong,
Warre, bloud, and death, were matter of her ſong.

The God of loue by chance had heard thereof,
That I was prou'd a rebell to his crowne,
Fit words for warre, quoth he, with angry ſcoffe,
A likely man to write of Mars his frowne,
Well are they ſped whoſe prayſes he will write,
Whoſe wanton Pen can nought but loue indite.

This ſaide, he whiskt his party-colour'd wings,
And downe to earth he comes more ſwift then thought,
Then to my heart in angry haſt he flings,
To ſee what change theſe newes of warres had wrought:
He pries, and lookes, he ranſacks eu'ry vaine,
Yet finds he nought, ſaue loue, and louers paine.

Then I that now perceiu'd his needleſſe feare,
With heauy ſmile began to plead my cauſe:

In

In vaine (quoth I) this endleſſe griefe I beare,
In vaine I ſtriue to keepe thy grieuous lawes,
If after proofe, ſo often truſty found,
Vniuſt ſuſpect condemne me as vnſound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull heart?
Is this the hope on which my life is ſtaid?
Is this the eale of neuer-ceaſing ſmart?
Is this the price that for my paines is paid?
Yet better ſerue fierce Mars in bloudy field,
Where death, or conqueſt, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I ſeru'd, what is my pay but paine?
Oft haue I ſude, what gaine I but delay?
My faithfull loue is quited with diſdaine,
My griefe a game, my pen is made a play:
Yea loue that doth in other fauour find,
In me is counted madneſſe out of kind.

And laſt of all, but grieuous moſt of all,
Thy ſelfe ſweete loue, hath kild me with ſuſpect:
Could loue beleeue, that I from loue would fall?
Is warre of force to make me loue neglect:
No, Cupid knowes, my minde is falſter ſet,
Then that by warre I ſhould my loue forget.

My muſe indeed to warre inclines her mind.
The famous acts of worthy Brute to write:
To whom the Gods this Ilands rule aſſignde,
Which long he ſought by Seas through Neptunes ſpight,
With

With ſuch conceits my buſie head doth ſwell,
But in my heart nought elſe but loue doth dwell.

And in this war thy part is not the leaſt,
Here ſhall my Muſe Brutes noble Loue declare:
Here ſhalt thou ſee thy double loue increaſt,
Of faireſt twins that euer Lady bare:
Let Mars triumph in armour ſhining bright,
His conquerd armes ſhall be thy tryumphs light.

As he the world, ſo thou ſhalt him ſubdue,
And I thy glory through the world will ring,
So by my paines, thou wilt vouchſafe to rue,
And kill deſpaire. With that he whisk't his wing,
And bad me write, and promiſt wiſhed reſt,
But ſore I feare falſe hope will be the beſt.

IX. POEM.

Or a Meditation vpon the frailty of this life.

O Trifling toyes that toſſe the braines,
While loathſome life doth laſt!
O wiſhed wealth, O fugred ioyes,
O life when death is paſt:
Who loaths exchange of lotſe with gaine?
Yet loath we death as hell.

What

What wofull wight would wiſh his woe?
Yet wiſh we here to dwell.
O fancy fraile that feeds on earth,
And ſtayes on ſlipp'ry ioyes:
O noble minde, O happy man,
That can contemne ſuch toyes.

Such toyes as neither perfect are,
And cannot long endure,
Our greateſt skill, our ſweeteſt ioy,
Vncertaine and vnſure:
For life is ſhort, and learning long,
All pleaſure mixt with woe.
Sickneſſe and ſleepe, fleale time vnſeene,
And ioyes doe come and goe.
Thus learning is but learn'd by halfes,
And ioy inioy'd no while,
That ſerues to ſhew thee what thou want'ſt,
This helps thee to beguile.

But after death is perfect skill,
And ioy without decay,
When ſinne is gone that blinds our eyes,
And ſteales our ioyes away.
No crowing Cocke ſhall raiſe vs vp,
To ſpend the day in vaine.
No weary labour ſhall vs driue,
To goe to bed againe.
But for we feele not what we want,
Nor know not what we haue,

We loue to keepe the bodies life,
We loath the ſoule to ſaue.

X. POEM.

A Poeſie to proue affection is not loue.

COnceit begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly borne, and quickly dies:
For while it ſeekes our hearts to haue,
Meane while there reaſon makes his graue:
For many things the eyes approue,
Which yet the heart doth ſeldome loue.

For as the ſeeds in ſpring time ſowne,
Die in the ground ere they be growne;
Such is conceit, whoſe rooting failes,
As child that in the cradle quailes:
Or elſe within the mothers wombe,
Hath his beginning, and his tombe.

Affection followes Fortunes wheeles:
And ſoone is ſhaken from her heeles,
For following beauty or eſtate,
Her liking ſtill is turn'd to hate.
For all affections haue their change,
And fancie onely loues to range.

Deſire himſelfe runs out of breath,
And getting, doth but gaine his death,

Deſire,

Deſire, nor reaſon hath, nor reſt,
And blinde doth ſeldome chuſe the beſt.
Deſire attain'd is not deſire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

As ſhips in ports deſir'd are drownd,
As fruit once ripe, then fals to ground,
As flies that ſeeke for flames, are brought
To cinders by the flames they ſought:
So fond deſire when it attaines,
The life expires, the woe remaines.

And yet ſome Poets faine would proue,
Affection to be perfect loue,
And that deſire is of that kinde,
No leſſe a paſſion of the minde.
As if wilde beaſts and men did ſeeke,
To like, to loue, to chuſe alike,

XI. POEM.

WHen I to you of all my woes complaine,
Which you make me endure without releaſe,
With ſcornefull ſmiles you anſwere me againe,
That louers true muſt beare and hold their peace.
Deere I will beare, and hold my peace, if you
Will hold your peace, and beare what I ſhall do.

XII. POEM.

IF wrong by force had Iuſtice put to flight,
Yet were there hope ſhe might returne againe,

If lawleſſe warre had ſhut her vp from ſight,
Yet lawfull peace might ſoone reſtore her traine.
But now alas, what hope of hope is left,
When wrongfull death hath her of life bereft?

The Sunne that often fals, doth often riſe,
The *Moone* that waineth, waxeth full with light:
But he that death in chaines of darkneſſe ties,
Can neuer breake the bands of laſting night.
What then remaines but teares of loſſe to waile,
In which all hope of mortall helpe doth faile?

Who then ſhall weepe, nay who ſhall teares refraine,
If common harmes muſt moue the minds of all?
Too few are found that wrongfull hearts reſtraine,
And of too few, too many death doth call.
Theſe common harmes I waile among the reſt,
But priuate loſſe denies to be expreſt.

XIII. POEM.

A Poeme in the nature of an Epitaph of a friend.

IF ſtepdame nature hath beene ſcant,
In dealing beauties gifts to mee:
My wit ſhall helpe ſupply that want,
And skill in ſteed of ſhape ſhall bee.

My

My ſtature I confeſſe is ſmall,
And therefore nill I boaſt of warre.

My name ſhall fill the heauens and all,
This skin ſhall ſerue to hide that skarre.
My head to beare the helme vnfit,
My hands vnapt to murther men:
But little heads oft hold much wit,
And feeble hands can guide a Pen.

XIIII. POEM.

Loues contentment.

DEath is my doome, awarded by diſdaine,
A lingring death that will not let me die,
This length of life is lenghtning of my paine,
And length of paine gets ſtrength of paine thereby:
And ſtrength of paine, makes paine of longer laſt,
Ah who hath ty'de my life to paine ſo faſt?

And yet I ſeeme, as if I did but faine,
Or make my griefe much greater then I need,
When as the care to hide my burning paine,
With ſecret ſighes, conſtraines my heart to bleed.
Yet well I wote, beleeu'd I ſhall not be,
Vntill by death a proofe thereof you ſee.

But if this lodge, the witneſſe of my woe,
Whoſe ſtony wals vnheard my plaints containe,

Had

Had ſence to feele, and tongue my paine to ſhow,
Which he incloſde, I vtter all in vaine.
You ſoone ſhould know that moſt I make my mone,
Alone, if here that loues can be alone.

Why ſhould I ſeeke to make my ſhame be knowne,
That fooliſh loue is cauſer of my paine:
(Forgiue me loue) the ſpeech is not mine owne,
But ſo they ſpeake that thee and thine diſdaine.
And I my ſelfe confeſſe my skill too ſmall,
To plead for loue, and cleere my ſelfe withall.

What reaſon can my ſimple wit deuiſe,
Why bootleſſe griefe ſhould thus my mind afflict?
I loue the thoughts, that loue it ſelfe deſpiſe,
I ſeeke for that I neuer looke to finde.
Oft haue I heard, on which I thinke I die,
Thine angry tongue all kind of loue defie.

Yet is my life vpon thy promiſe ſtaid,
By which thou haſt aſſur'd me of thy loue,
And though thereby my heare be not allaid,
No ſtay of flight, where gaine is ſtill aboue.
Yet ſince thy heart can yeeld to loue no more,
I reſt content, although I die therefore,

Quis Deus oppoſuit noſtris ſua numina votis?

XV. POEM.

A repentant Poem.

THough late my heart, yet turne at laſt,
And ſhape thy courſe another way,
Tis better loſe thy labour paſt,
Then follow on to ſure decay.
What though thou long haue ſtraid awry,
In hope of grace for mercy cry.

Though weight of ſinne doth preſſe thee downe,
And keepe thee grou'ling on the ground,
Though blacke diſpaire, with angry frowne,
Thy wit and iudgement quite confound:
Though time and wit haue beene miſpent,
Yet grace is left if thou repent.

Weepe then my heart, weepe ſtill and ſtill,
Nay melt to floods of flowing teares,
Send out ſuch ſhrikes as heau'n may fill,
And pierce thine angry Iudges eares,
And let thy ſoule that harbours ſin,
Bleed ſtreames of bloud to drowne it in.

Then ſhall thine angry Iudges face,
To cheerefull lookes it ſelfe apply,
Then ſhall thy ſoule be fild with grace,
And feare of death conſtraind to fly.
Euen ſo my God, oh when? how long?
I would, but ſinne is too too ſtrong.

I ſtriue

I ſtriue to riſe, ſinne keepes me downe,
I fly from ſinne, ſinne followes me,
My will doth reach at glories crowne,
Weake is my ſtrength, it will not be.
See how my fainting ſoule doth pant,
O let thy ſtrength ſupply my want.

XVI. POEM.

Unions Iewell.

DIuers rare Iems in thee O vnion ſhine:
Firſt ſeauen Margarits in thy Iewell ſtand,
Matildaes three, three Ianes of regall line,
Two royall Maries, two Elizaes, and
One Isbell, Anne, Sibill, and Margery,
All royall Iems, ſet princely ſhine in thee.

But firſt in it doth Agaſia ſhine,
Who firſt with Dutſſus it began to make.
Then Margret. next of our King Edgars line,
Whom Malcolme King of Scots to wife did take.
Whoſe grandchild Mawde our Empreſſe did conioyn,
Scots, Saxon, Norman blood in our Kings line.

For their childe Mawde, our firſt Henry did marry,
Of them Matild our ſaid Empreſſe did ſpring:
By whoſe ſecond husband our Kings did carry
Name of great Plantagenet then Scots King.

First Alexander did Sibilla wed,
Who ſprung from out William Conquerors bed.

The third Matild their firſt King Dauid married,
Earle Waldoffes daughter, Neece to great K. William:
Iane our King Iohns daughter thither was caried
By their ſecond Alexander, after came
Their third King Alexander who did marry
Another Margaret, daughter of our third Harry.

From them two did another Margaret ſpring,
Who by Norwaies Prince a fourth Margret had,
Scots infant Queene: whom firſt Edward our King:
To haue married to his Sonne, would haue beene glad.
So Scotlands Peares would too: her death ſaid nay,
Which onely this great vnion then did ſtay.

Though that moſt noble and victorious king,
This naturall vnion could not then aduance,
Another he as great t'effect did bring
When he his ſonne married to th'heire of France,
Isbell, by whom ſince all our Kings haue claimed
The crowne of France, which ſome of thē haue gained.

Though this our ſecond Edward did preuent,
That he from Scotland did not take his wife,
His daughter Iane performed his intent
With ſecond Dauid ſpending there her liſe.
He did the child of ſecond Edward marry,
As third Alexander did of our third Harry.

With-

Without iſſue they dyed, then Margery,
Their firſt King Roberts daughter Bruſe by name,
Scots Queene by birth, muſt needs remembred be:
By whom Lord Stewart did encreaſe his fame.
From them ſecond Robert, & Iames Stewart from him
Third Robert nam'd, whence firſt Iames did begin.

A valiant Prince who ſpent his youthfull prime,
In martiall deeds, with our fift Henry in France:
To whom our ſixt King Henry in his time,
Iane our third Edwards grandchild did aduance
In marriage, ſhe of Henry Bewford ſprong,
Somerſets Earle was vertuous, faire and yong.

Fifth Margaret Richmonds Countes forth did bring
Our ſeuenth Henry, who one diuiſion ended,
With Eliza, heire of our fourth Edward King:
From both whom great'ſt Margaret of all deſcended:
From whom & fourth Iames fift Iames Scottiſh king:
And from him Mary Scots laſt Queene did ſpring.

Fourth Iames being dead, Margret did Douglas marry,
They a daughter Margret had, Earle Lyneux wife:
Whoſe ſonne Lord Darnley married their laſt Mary,
Of whom comes Charles Iames finiſher of ſtrife.
Who with Anne makes vnion by the childleſſe death,
Of our Queenes Mary, and Elizabeth.

The rareſt pearles, and richeſt Margarits all,
VVhich euer did in any Iewell ſtand:

The rareſt Iewell too, and moſt Angelicall,
Almoſt made vp by God and Natures hand,
By men to be finiſht, to this Iſle ſent,
Then to be worne for her beſt ornament.

XVII. POEM.

Or Panegyricke to my Soueraigne Lord the King.

GReat King, ſince firſt this Ile by Ioues owne hand,
Was ſet apart within great Oceans armes,
And was appointed by her ſelfe to ſtand,
Fenc't round about with rockes from forren harmes:
She into ſundry parts hath oft beene torne,
And greateſt wounds by her owne blowes hath borne.

But all the fractions now which man did make,
Since it in one whole number nature gaue,
Are added vp, and brought to one great ſtake,
And being all ſum'de vp, one totall haue.
For Brittaine now to all the diuidend,
In one whole quotient all doth comprehend.

For thou the Monarch of this weſterne Ile,
Now all her ſhiuered parts haſt brought together:
Spreading thy Empires wings eight hundred mile
In length, and foure in breadth, there ſtaying neither.
But ore old Oceans breaſt thy arme doth ſtretch
Through Ireland, making it to India reach.

To

To Iuda thou the Tribes haſt brought againe,
Which by themſelues did in Samaria dwell:
Iordane by thee whoſe ſtreame did runne amaine,
Is now dride vp, that euery Tribe may well
To other go: thou haſt broke downe the wall,
Which Adrian made, and which we Pictticke call.

Thou vertues Orbe where Fame is ſtill aſcendent,
And neuer can her higheſt auge attaine,
Conqueror of all hearts, all flattries tranſcendent,
Who hold'ſt it loſſe to take, to giue great gaine.
Of bountious deeds the euer-running ſpring,
To many wealth, to all doſt gladneſſe bring.

The Muſes dearling, who with golden Pen,
And ſilu'red tongue thy princely mind canſt tell,
In whom learning, a Princes richeſt Iemme,
Both humane, and diuine abounding dwell.
The great contriuer of this triple Ile,
To one Imperiall Diadem and ſtile.

The royall product of the princely Doue,
Which Englands Noah from peaces Arke ſent forth,
After warres deluge, who Oliue branch of loue,
Doſt bring with thee in thy returne from North:
How ioyfully did Brittaine reach her hand,
To take thee int' the Arke of this her land?

With great Eliza glory of her owne,
Wonder of future times, true Churches nurſe,

The ancient faiths reuiuer, on whom were ſhewne,
Heauens bleſſings, all mens prayers, no mans curſe.
Fortunes fauours, natures wealth Gods high grace,
The Muſes lodge, all vertues dwelling place.

Our Sunne did ſet with great Elizabeth,
Before night thou a new day-light didſt bring,
Our ſummers peace did cloſe at her cold death,
VVithout warres winter thou renewd'ſt our ſpring,
All our liues ioyes with her dead ſeem'd to be,
Before intombde they were reuiude by thee.

Center of royall birthes, in whom do meete,
Lines drawne from all the noble Conquerors blood,
VVhich euer in any part with warlike feete,
Of this great Iles circumference haue ſtood,
With thy faire Queene, a ſea whither do runne,
Streames of all royall blood of Chriſtendome.

Both royall plants whence princely branches ſpring,
Whereon grow our beſt fruits of hope and ioy,
Great off-ſprings both, of many a Noble King,
An antidote ſh' againſt this lands annoy.
In whoſe milde lookes hath princely maieſtie,
A marriage made with modeſt courteſie.

She vertues booke bound in a golden couer,
Wherein nature hath writ with Gods owne quill,
All beauties learning, where thou her true louer,
Maiſt reade ſweete lectures of delight at will.
And on the frame of whoſe diuineſt feature,
All graces ſhine that can be in a creature.

Sprung

Sprung of a double, knit to a triple King,
Late quadruple, the holy number, Three,
Gratefull to God did ſeeme more apt to bring,
Peace to this Land with loue and vnity.
Plant royall, ſet by *Iuno* in this land,
Whoſe anceſtors by *Mars* heere once did ſtand.

Sacred beauty makes ſeeme angelicall,
Thee heauenly wiſedome to the ſtarrs do raiſe,
Minerua her, *Apollo* thee do call
Their dearlings, both trueſt theames of all our praiſe.
Together liue and loue, and long do raigne,
To our, to your, to Gods, ioy, bliſſe and gaine.

Heere endeth the Poems.

I. DEVICE.

A Lottery preſented before the late Queenes M*ie*ſty *at the Lord Chancelors houſe.*

1601.

A Marriner with a Boxe vnder his arme, contayning all th ſeuerall things following, ſuppoſed to come from the Carrick came into the Preſence ſinging this Song.

Cynthia Queene of Seas and Lands,
That fortune euery where commands,
Sent forth fortune to the Sea,
To try her fortune euery way.
There did I fortune meet, which makes me now to ſing
There is no fiſhing to the Sea, nor ſeruice to the King.

All the Nymphs of *Thetis* traine,
Did *Cynthias* fortunes entertaine:
Many a Iewell, many a Iem,
Was to her fortune brought by them.
Her fortune ſped ſo well, as makes me now to ſing,
There is no fiſhing to the Sea, nor ſeruice to the King.

Fortune that it might be ſeene,
That ſhe did ſerue a royall Queene,
A franke and royall hand did beare,
And caſt her fauors euery where.
Some toyes fell to my ſhare, which makes me now to ſing
There is no fiſhing to the Sea nor ſeruice to the King.

And

And the Song ended, he vttred this ſhort ſpeech.

GOd ſaue you faire Ladies all: and for my part, if euer I be brought to anſwere my ſinnes, God for giue my ſharking, and lay vſury to my charge. I am a Marriner, and am now come from the ſea, where I had the fortune to light vpon theſe few triſles. I muſt confeſſe I came but lightly by them, but I no ſooner had them, but I made a vow, that as they came to my hands by Fortune, ſo I would not part with them but by Fortune. To that end I euer ſince carried theſe Lots about me, that if I met with fit company I might deuide my booty among them. And now (I thanke my good Fortunes) I am lighted into the beſt company of the world, a company of the faireſt Ladyes that euer I ſaw. Come Ladies try your fortunes, and if any light vpon an vnfortunate Blanke, let her thinke that Fortune doth but mock her in theſe triſles, and meanes to pleaſure her in greater matters.

The Lots.

1 *Fortunes Wheele.*

FOrtune muſt now no more on triumph ride,
The wheeles are yours that did her Chariots guide.

2 A *Purſe.*

You thriue, or would or may, your Lots a Purſe,
Fill it with gold, and you are nere the worſe.

3 *A Maske.*

Want you a Maske, heere Fortune giues you one,
Yet nature giues the Roſe and Lilly none.

4 *A looking glaſſe.*

Blinde Fortune doth not ſee how faire you be,
But giues a glaſſe that you your ſelfe may ſee.

5 *A Haukerchiefe.*

Whether you ſeeme to weepe, or weepe indeed,
This Hand-kerchiefe will ſtand you well in ſteed.

6 *A plaine Ring.*

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well or ill,
This plaine gold Ring, to wed you to your will.

7 *A Ring with this Poeſie.*
As faithfull as I find.

Your hand by Fortune on this Ring doth light,
And yet the words do hit your humour right.

8 *A paire of Gloues.*

Fortune theſe Gloues to you in challenge ſends,
For that you loue not fooles that are her friends.

9 *A dozen of Points.*

You are in euery point a louer true,
And therefore Fortune giues the points to you.

10. *A Lace.*

Giue her the Lace that loues to be ſtraight lac'd,
So Fortunes little gift, is aptly plac'd.

11 *A paire of Knines.*

Fortune doth giue theſe paire of Knines to you,
To cut the thred of loue if't be not true.

12 *A Girdle.*

By Fortunes Girdle you may happy be,
But they that are leſſe happy are more free.

Theſe

13 *A payre of writing Tables.*

Theſe Tables may containe your thoughts in part,
But write not all, thats written in your heart.

14 *A payre of Garters.*

Though you haue Fortunes Garters, you muſt be,
More ſtaid and conſtant in your ſteps then ſhe.

15 *A Coiſe and Croſſe cloth.*

Frowne in good earneſt, or be ſick in ieſt,
This Coiſe and Croſſe-Cloth will become you beſt.

16 *A Scarfe.*

Take you this Scarfe, bind *Cupid* hand and foote,
So loue muſt aske you leaue before hee ſhoote.

17 *A Falling Band.*

Fortune would make you riſe, yet guides your hand,
From other Lots to take the falling band.

18. A *Stomacher.*

This Stomacher is full of windowes wrought,
Yet none through them can ſee into your thought.

19 A *paire of Sizzers.*

Theſe Sizzers do your huſwifery bewray,
You loue to worke, though you are borne to play.

20. A *Chaine.*

Becauſe you ſcorne loues Captiue to remaine,
Fortune hath ſworne to leade you in a Chaine.

21 *Prayer Booke.*

Your Fortune may procure good another day,
Till Fortune come, take you a booke to pray.

22. A *Snuftkin.*

Tis Summer yet, a Snuftkin is your Lot,
But t'will be winter one day, doubt you not.

23. A *Fanne.*

You loue to ſee, and yet to be vnſeene,
Take you this Fanne to be your beauties skreene.

24. A *paire of Bracelets.*

Lady your hands are fallen into a ſnare,
For *Cupids* manicles theſe Bracelets are.

25. A *Bodkin.*

Euen with this Bodkin you may liue vnharmed,
Your beauty is with vertue ſo well armed.

26 A *Necklace.*

Fortune giues your faire neck this lace to weare,
God grant a heauier yoke it neuer beare.

27. A *Cuſhinet.*

To her that little cares what Let ſhe wins,
Chance giues a little Cuſhinet to ſtick pinnes.

28. A *Dyall.*

The Dyal's yours, watch time leaſt it be loſt,
Yet they muſt loſe it that doth watch it moſt.

29 A *Nutmeg with a blanke Parchment in it.*

This Nutmeg holds a Blanke, but chance doth hide it:
Write your owne wiſh and Fortune will prouide it.

30 *Blanke.*

Wot you not why Fortune giues you no prize,
Good faith ſhe ſaw you not, ſhe wants her eyes.

31 *Blanke.*

You are ſo dainty to be pleaz'd, God wot,
Chance knowes not what to giue you for a Lot.

32 *Blanke.*

Tis pitty ſuch a hand ſhould draw in vaine,
Though it guine nought, yet ſhall it pitty gaine.

33 *Blank*

33 *Blanke.*

Nothing's your Lot, that's more then can be told,
For nothing is more precious then gold.

34 *Blanke.*

You faine would haue, but what you cannot tell,
In giuing nothing Fortune ſerues you well. Sir *I. D.*

II. DEVICE.

Inſcriptions.

Thesbe.

YE wofull Sires, whoſe cauſeleſſe hate hath bred,
Griefe to your ſelues, death to my loue and me.
Let vs not be diſ-ioyn'd when we are dead,
Though we aliue conioyn'd could neuer bee.
Though cruell ſtarres denide vs two one bed
Yet in one tombe vs two intombed ſee.
Like as the dart was one, and one the knife
That did begin our loue and end our life.

Clytemneſtra *to her ſonne* Oreſtes, *comming to kill* her for murthering his father *Agamemnon.*

HOld hold thy hand, vile ſonne of viler mother.
Death I deſerue, but O not by thy knife.
One parent to reuenge, wilt thou kil tother,
And giues her death that gaue thee (wretch thy life.

Furies

Furies will plague thy murthers execrable,
Stages will play thee, and all mothers curſe thee.
To wound this wombe or breaſt, how art thou able,
When the one did beare thee, and the other nurſe thee?

AIAX.

THis ſword is mine, or will *Laertes* ſonne,
Win this as he *Achilles* armour wonne?
This ſword which you O Greeks oft bath'd haue known
In Troian bloud, Ile now bath in mine owne.
This fearefull breſt which all my enemies fierce
Haue left vnpierſt, now I my ſelfe will pierce.
So men ſhall ſay, Aiax to none did yeeld,
But t'Aiax ſelfe, and Aiax, Aiax kild.

ROMVLVS.

NO common wombe was fit me forth to bring,
But a pure virgin Prieſt, child to a King.
No mortall Father worthy was to breede me,
Nor humane milke was fierce enough to feed me,
Therefore the God of war by wonder bred me,
And a Shee-Woife by no leſſe wonder fed me.
In fine, the Gods becauſe earth was too baſe
T'entombe me dead, did me in heauen place.

Fabritius Curio, who refuſed gold of the Samnites, *and diſcouered to King* Pyrrhus *his Phyſition that offred to poyſon him.*

MY famous Country values gold farre leſſe,
Then conqueſt braue of ſuch as gold poſſeſſe.
To be orecome with wealth I do not vſe,
And to orecome with poyſon I refuſe,
No hand loues more then mine, to giue to many,
No hart hates more then mine to take of any.
With ſo firme ſteele, vertue my mind hath armed,
That not by gold nor yron it can be harmed.

Cato Vtican, Who ſlew himſelfe becauſe he would not *fall into* Cæſars *hands.*

CÆSAR, thou haſt o'recome to thy great fame
Proud Germanes, valiant Gauls, and Brittons rude,
Romes liberty (but to thine eternall ſhame)
And her great Champion thou haſt eke ſubdude.
Yet nether ſhall thy triumphs with my name,
Be grac't, nor ſword be with my bloud imbrude.
Though all the conquer'd earth do now ſerue thee,
Cato will dye vnconquered, and free.

III. DEVICE.

Quid pluma leuius? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Ventus.
Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.

Tranſlated thus.

DVſt is lighter then a Feather,
And the wind more light then either:
But a womans fickle mind,
More then a Feather, Duſt, or Winde.

IIII. DEVICE.

Or a Dialogue betweene the Louer and his heart.

L. SPeake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place,
H. With her whoſe birth the heauēs thēſelues haue bl
L. What doſt thou heere? *H.* Sometimes behold her fa
And lodge ſometimes within her chriſtall breſt.
L. She cold thou hot, how can you then agree?
H. Not Nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.

L. With her wilt thou remaine, and let me dye?
H. If I returne we both ſhall dye for griefe.

L

L. If ſtill thou ſtay, what ſhall I get thereby,
H. Ile moue her heart to purchaſe thy reliefes
L. What if her heart be hard, and ſtop his eares?
H. Ile ſigh aloud, and make him ſoft with teares.

L. If that preuaile, wilt thou returne from thence?
H. Not I alone, my heart ſhall come with me.
L. Then will you both liue vnder my defence?
H. So long as life will let vs both agree.
L. Why then deſpaire, goe packe thee hence away.
H. I liue in hope to haue a happy day.

V. DEVICE.

Or a Dialogue betweene a Louer, Death, *and* Loue.

Louer.

Come gentle death. *D.* Who calls? *L.* one that's oppreſt.
D. What is thy will? *L.* That thou abridge my woe,
By cutting off my life. *D.* Ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet. *L.* Alas, why ſo?
D. Thou want'ſt thy heart. *L.* who ſtole that ſame away?
D. Loue whom thou ſeru'ſt, entreate him if thou may.

Louer.

Come Cupid come. *C.* Who calleth me ſo oft?
L. Thy vaſſall true who thou ſhould know by right.

C. What makes thy cry ſo faint? L. My voyce is ſoft,
Quite broke and ſpent with crying day and night.
C. What then, what's thy requeſt? L. That thou reſtore
To me my heart, and ſteale the ſame no more.

And thou O death, when I poſſeſſe my heart,
Diſpach me then at once. D. Alas why ſo?
L. By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
D. But if thy heart returne, then what's thy woe?
D. That brought from froſt, it neuer will deſire,
To reſt with me that am more hot then fire.

VI. DEVICE

Phaleuciacks.

TIme nor place did I want, what held me tongtide?
What charmes, what magicall abuſed Altars?
Wherefore wiſh I ſo oft that houre vnhappy,
When with freedome I might recount my torments,
And plead for remedy by true lamenting.
Dumbe, nay dead in a trance I ſtood amazed,
When thoſe lookes I beheld that late I long'd for:
No ſpeech, no memory, no life remained,
Now ſpeech prateth apace, my griefe bewraying,
Now bootleſſe memory my plaints remembreth,
Now life moueth againe, but all auailes not.
Speech, life and memory die altogether,
With ſpeech, life, memory, loue only dies not.

Phi

VII. DEVICE.

Phalenciacke.

HOw, or where haue I loſt my life? vnhappy!
Dead, nor liue am I neither, and yet am both.
Through deſpaire am I dead, by hope reuiued,
Weeping wake I the night from euen to morning
Sighing waſte I the day from morne to euening.
Teares are drinke to my thirſt, by teares I thirſt more
Sighs are meate that I eate, I hunger eating,
Might I, O that I might refraine my feeding,
Soone would eaſe to my heart by death be purchaſt.
Life and light do I lack, when I behold not
Thoſe bright beames of her eyes, Apollo darkning:
Life and light do I loſe when I behold them,
All as Snow by the Sun reſolu'd to water.
Death and life I receiue her eyes beholding,
Death and life I refuſe not in beholding,
So that, dead or aliue I may behold them.

Lenuoy in riming Phalenciacke.

MVſe not Lady, to reade ſo ſtrange a Meeter,
Strange griefe, ſtrange remedy for eaſe requireth
When ſweete ioy did abound, I writ the ſweeter,
Now that weareth away, my Muſe retireth.
In you lies it alone to cure my ſadneſſe,
And therewith to reuiue my heart with gladneſſe.

VIII DEVICE.

Phaleuciacks.

WIſedom warns me to ſhun that once I ſought for,
And in time to retire my haſty footſteps.
Wiſedome ſent from aboue, not earthly wiſedome.
No ſuch thoughts can ariſe from earthly wiſedome,
Long, too long haue I ſlept in eaſe vneaſie,
On falſe worldly reliefe my truſt repoſing:
Health and wealth in a boat, no ſterne nor anker,
(Bold and blinde that I was) to Sea be-taking:
Scarce from the ſhore had I lanch't, when all about me,
Waues like hills did riſe, till helpe from heauen
Brought my Ship to the Port of late repentance.

IX. DEVICE.

An Altar and Sacrifice to diſdaine, for freeing him *from loue.*

My Muſe by thee reſtor'd to life,
To thee Diſdaine, this Alter reares,
Whereon ſhe offers cauſeleſſe ſtrife,
Self-ſpending ſighs, and bootleſſe teares.

Long ſutes in vaine,
Hate for good will:
Stil-dying paine,
Yet liuing ſtill.
Selfe-louing pride,
Looks coyly ſtrange,
Will Reaſons guide,
Deſire of change.
And laſt of all,
Blinde Fancies fire,
Falſe beauties thral
That bindes deſire.

All theſe I offer to Diſdaine,
By whom I liue from fancy free.
With vow that if I loue againe,
My life the ſacrifice ſhall be.

Vicimus & demitum pedibus calcamus amorem. Vp-

X. DEVICE.

Vpon beginning without making an end.

BEgin, and halfe is done, yet halfe vndone remaines,
Begin that halfe & all is done, & thou art eas'd of pains
The ſecond halfe is all againe, new worke muſt be begun
Thus he that ſtill begins, doth nothing but by halues.
And things halfe done, as good vndone, halfoxen are but (calues.

XI. DEVICE,

Or a Dialogue betweene the Soule and the Body.

Soule.

AY my poore ſoule, whom bound in ſinfull chaines,
This wretched body keepes againſt my will!
Body Ay my poore body, whom for all my paines,
This froward Soule cauſeleſſe condemneth ſtill.
Soule Cauſeleſſe when as thou ſtriu'ſt to ſin each day?
Body Cauſeleſſe, when as I ſtriue thee to obey.
Soule Thou art the meanes by which I fall to ſin.
Body Thou art the cauſe that ſetſt this meanes a worke
Soule No part of thee that hath not faulty bin.
Body I ſhew the poyſon that in thee doth lurke.
Soule I ſhall be pure when ſo I part from thee.
Body So were I now, but that thou ſlaineſt me.

Sa-

XII. DEVICE.

Saphickes vpon the Paſſion of Chriſt.

HAtred eternall, furious reuenging,
Mercileſſe raging, bloody perſecuting,
Scandalous ſpeeches, odious reuilings
Cauſeleſſe abhorring:
Impious ſcoffings by the very abiects,
Dangerous threatning by the Prieſts annointed,
Death full of torment in a ſhamefull order,
Chriſt did abide here.
He that in glory was aboue the Angels,
Changed his glory for an earthly Carkaſſe,
Yeelded his glory to a ſinfull outcaſt,
Glory refuſing.
Me that in bondage many ſinnes retained,
He for his goodnes, for his onely goodneſſe,
Brought from hell torments to the ioyes of heauen,
Not to be numbred.
Dead in offences, by his aide reuiued,
Quickned in ſpirit, by the grace he yeeldeth,
Sound then his praiſes, to the worlds amazement
Thankfully ſinging.

XIII. DEVICE.

A Dialogue betwixt the Louer and his Lady.

LAdy, my flame ſtill burning,
And my conſuming anguiſh,

Doth

Doth grow ſo great, that life I feele to languiſh,
Then let your heart be moued,
To end my griefe and yours, ſo long time proued.
And quench the heate that my chiefe part ſo fireth,
Yeelding the fruit that faithfull loue requireth.

Her anſwere.

SWeete Lord, your flame ſtill burning,
And your conſuming anguiſh
Cannot be more then mine, in which I languiſh,
Nor more your heart is moued,
To end your griefe and mine, ſo long time proued.
But if I yeeld, and ſo your loue decreaſeth.
Then I my louer loſe, and your loue ceaſeth.

Ignoto.

A DEVISO.

De lapſu hominis in *Adam*.

PAuper amabilis & venerabilis eſt benedictus,
Diues inutilis, inſatiabilis, eſt maledictus
Qui bona neglegit, & mala diligit, intrat abyſſum.
Nulla potentia, nulla pecunia liberat ipſum,
Irremeabilis, inſatiabilis, iſta vorago,
Hic vbi mergitur, horrida cernitur omnis imago.
Vir miſerabilis Euaque flebilis hoc ſubierunt,
Hic cruciamina, per ſua crimina, cum meruerunt.
Iuſſa Dei pia, iuſſa ſalubria ſi tenuiſſent,
Vir neque fœmina, nec ſua ſemina, morte periſſent,
Sed quia ſpernere iuſſaque ſoluere non timuere,
Mors grauis irruit, hoc merito fuit, & periere.
Iænua mortis paſſio fortis orimen eorum,
Attulit orbi ſemina morbi, totque malorum.
Illa parentes, atque ſequentes culpa peremit,
Atque piarum delciarum munus ademit.
Flebile fatum dans cruciatum, danſque dolorem,
Illa merenti perdere tanti regis honorem.
Eſt data ſeuam cauſa per Euam perditionis,
Dum meliorem ſperat honorem voce dracenis,
Hec male credens, nos quoque ladens crimine magno,
Omnia triſti ſubdidit iſtis ſæcula damno.
Stirps miſerorum plena dolorum poſtea creuit,
Hos quoque damnis pluribus annis ſubdita fleuit.

De

De reſtitutione hominis per Chriſtum.

SEd Deus omnipotens, qui verbo cuncta creauit,
Sic cecidiſſe dolens homines quos ſemper amauit,
Ipſe ſuum verbum tranſmiſit ad infima mundi,
Exulibus miſeris aperire viam redeundi.
Filius ergo Dei deſcendit ab arce ſuperna
Nunquam deſcedens a maieſtate paterna,
Qui corpus ſumens animatum, numine ſaluo
Proceſſit natus ſacra de virginis aluo.
Verus homo, veruſque Deus, pius & miſerator,
Verus ſaluator, noſtreque ſalutis amator,
Sponte ſua moriens mortem moriendo peremit
Et ſic perpetua miſeros a morte redemit,
Nauique pia de morte reſurgens, vt Leo fortis,
Reſtituit vitam proſtrato principe mortis.

Of the fall of man in Adam.

THE poore man belou'd, for vertue approu'd,
right bleſſed is he,
Where couetous chuff who neuer hath enough,
accurſed ſhall be.
Who goodneſſe reiecteth, and euill affecteth,
ſhall fall in the pit,
No plenty of pence, ſhall free him from thence,
no power nor wit.
Both vnrepriſable and vnſatiable,
that gulph will appeare,

Imbog'd

Imbog'd he ſhall be, where nought he ſhall ſee,
but horror and feare.
Adam vnſtable, and Eue variable,
the very firſt time,
By falling from God, deſerued this rod,
(O horrible crime,)
For had they adhered to God, and him feared,
by keeping his reede,
Then death had not come on, the man or the
or any their ſeede. (woman,
But when as the man, from Gods will began,
baſely to reuolt,
For his grieuous ſinne, death came ruſhing in,
and on him laid holt:
This was the great crime, which at the firſt time,
by craft of the deuill,
Did bring in the ſeed, of ſickneſſe and need,
and all other euill:
This was the ſinne, which firſt did begin,
our parents to kill,
And heauenly food, prepared for our good,
did vtterly ſpill.
Vnhappy the fate, which firſt ſuch a ſtate,
ſuch ſorrow did bring,
To him that had loſt, ſo much to our coſt,
our heauenly King,
The credulous Eue, twas ſhe that did giue,
the cauſe of ſuch euill,
Hoping that honor, would come more vpon her,
deceiued by the deuill.

Beleeuing

Beleeuing of him, did make her to ſinne,
to all our great loſſe,
For mankinde're ſence, receiued from hence,
an horrible croſſe.
For all the Nations, through all generations,
which after haue beene,
With griefe of their heart, haue taſted the ſmart
of that primitiue ſinne.

Of the reſtoring of man by Chriſt.

BVt Ioue omnipotent, all things
by his word who created,
Grieuing man to be falne,
whoſe loue was in him ſo innated,
Sent from aboue his word,
for man to prepare a returning
Thence, where elſe had he lien,
through all eternity burning.
So Gods onely begotten Sonne,
came downe to redeeme vs,
Yet did he ſtill himſelfe,
his fathers glory beteeme vs.
A body form'd with a ſoule,
to his diuinity taking,
And to be borne of a virgin,
his humanity making.
Borne very God, very man,
he a man God, mercifull, holy,

Purchaſed

Purchaſed our ſaluation,
was our Sauiour wholy.
For by his willing death,
he deaths ſelfe wholy defeated,
And ſo vs all from eternall death,
by death rebegetted,
From death againe riſing,
he deaths Prince mightily maimed,
Whereby his owne from death,
to eternall life he regained,

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF Sonets and Canzonets.

I. SONET.

VVHen traitrous Photine, Cæſar did preſent
With his great riuals honourable head,
He taught his eyes a ſtreame of teares to ſhed
Hiding in his falſe heart his true content.

And Hanniball when Fortunes ballance light,
Raiz'd low brought Rome and ſwaid proud Carthage
While all but he, bewail'd their yeelding town (downe,
He laught to eaſe his ſwelling hearts deſpight.

Thus cunning minds can maske with diuers art,
Griefe vnder fained ſmiles, Ioy vnder teares,
Like Hanniball I cannot hide my feares,
Setting cleare lookes vpon a cloudy heart.
But let me ioyes enioy, Deere you ſhall try,
Cæſar hid not his ioyes ſo well as I.

II. SONET.

II. SONET.

While Loue in you did liue, I onely liu'd in you,
While you for me did burne, for you alone I burned,
While you did ſigh for me, for you I ſigh and mourned,
Till you prou'd falſe to me, to you I was moſt true.
But ſince loue died in you, in you I liue no more,
Your heart a Seruant new, mine a new Saint enioyeth:
My ſight offēds your eies, mine eies your ſight annoieth
Since you held me in ſcorne, by you I ſet no ſtore.
Yet if dead Loue, if your late flames returne, (ſure,
If you lament your change, & count me your ſole trea-
My loue more freſh ſhall ſpring, my flame more bright (ſhall burne.
Ile loue none elſe but you, & loue you without meaſure,
If not (vntrue) farewell: in ſand Ile ſow no graine,
Nor plant my loue but where loue yeelds me loue againe.

III. SONET.

To Miſtreſſe Diana.

PHœbus of all the Gods I wiſh to be:
Not of the world to haue the ouerſeeing:
For of all things in the worlds circuit being
One onely thing I alwaies wiſh to ſee.
Not of all hearbs the hidden force to know,
For ah my wound by herbes cannot be cured:
Not in the Sky to haue a place aſſured,
For my ambition lies on earth below.

Not to be Prince of the Celeſtiall quire,
For I one Nimph prize more then all the Muſes:
Not with his bow to offer Loue abuſes,
For I Loues vaſſall am, and dread his yre.
But that thy light from mine, might borrow'd be,
And faire Diana might ſhine vnder me.

IIII. SONET.

Dedication of theſe Rimes to his firſt Loue.

IF my harſh humble ſtile, and rimes ill dreſſed,
Arriue not to your worth and beauty glorious,
My Muſes ſhoulders are with weight oppreſſed,
And heau'nly beames are o're my ſight victorious.
If theſe dimme colours haue your worth expreſſed,
Laid by louers hand, and not by Art laborious,
Your *Sun*-like raies haue my wits harueſt bleſſed,
Enabled me to make your praiſe notorious.
But if alas! (alas! the heauens defend it,)
My lines your eies, my loue your heart diſpleaſing,
Breede hate in you, and kill my hope of eaſing:
Say with your ſelfe, how can the wretch amend it?
I wondrous faire, he wondrous dearely louing,
How can his thoughts but make his pen be mouing?

V. SONET.

That he cannot hide or diſſemble his affection.

I Bend my wits, and beate my weary braine,
To keepe my inward griefe, from outward ſhow,
Alas I cannot: now tis vaine I know,
To hide a fire, whoſe flame appeareth plaine.
I force my will, my ſenſes I conſtraine,
T'impriſon in my heart my ſecret woe,
But muſing thoughts, deepe ſighes or teares that flow,
Diſcouer what my heart hides, all in vaine.
Yet blame not (Deere) this vndiſſembled paſſion:
For well may loue, within ſmall limits bounded,
Be wiſely maskt in a diſguiſed faſhion.
But he, whoſe heart, like mine, is throughly wounded,
Can neuer faine, no though he were aſſured,
That fayning might haue greater grace procured.

VI. SONET.

Vpon his abſence from her.

THe faireſt eie, (O eies in blackneſſe faire)
That euer ſhin'de, and tho moſt heauenly face,
The daintieſt ſmiling, the moſt conquering grace,
And ſweeteſt breath that ere perfumd the ayre,
Thoſe cherry lips, whoſe kiſſe might well repaire

A dead mans ſtate that ſpeech did diſplace
All meane deſires, and all affections baſe,
Clogging ſwift hope, and winging dead deſpaire,
That ſnow-white breaſt, and all thoſe faultleſſe features,
Which made her ſeeme a perſonage diuine,
And farre excelling faireſt humaine creatures,
Hath abſence baniſht from my curſed eine.
But in my heart, as in a mirror cleare,
All theſe perfections to my thoughts appeare.

VII. SONET.

Upon preſenting her with the ſpeech of Grayes-Inne Maske, at the Court, 1594. conſiſting of three parts. The ſtory of Proteus *transformations, the wonders of the adamantine Rocke, and a ſpeech to her Maieſtie.*

WHo in theſe lines may better claime a part,
That ſing the praiſes of the maiden Queene,
Then you faire ſweete, that onely Soueraigne beene,
Of the poore kingdome of my faithfull heart?
Or to whoſe view ſhould I this ſpeech impart,
Where th'Adamantine rocks great power is ſhowne:
But to your conq'ring eyes, whoſe force once knowne
Makes euen yron hearts loath then to part?
Or who of Proteus ſundry tranformations,
May better ſend you the new-fained Story,
Then I whoſe loue vnfain'd felt no mutations,
Since to be yours I firſt receiu'd the glory?

Accept

Accept then of theſe lines, though meanely pend,
So fit for you to take, and me to ſend.

VIII. SONET.

To Pitie.

WAke Pitie, wake, for thou haſt ſlept too long,
Within the Tygriſh heart of that fierce faire,
Who ruines moſt, where moſt ſhe ſhould repaire
And where ſhe owes moſt right, doth greateſt wrong.
Wake Pittie, wake, O do no more prolong
Thy needfull helpe! but quickly here my pray're
Quickly (alas) for otherwiſe deſpaire
By guilty death, will end my guiltleſſe wrong.
Sweete Pittie, wake, and tell my cruell ſweete,
That if my death her honour might encreaſe,
I would lay downe my life at her proud feete,
And willing dye, and dying hold my peace.
And onely liue, and liuing mercy cry,
Becauſe her glory in my death will die.

IX. SONET.

Vpon her acknowledging his deſart, yet reiecting his affection.

IF loue conioyn'd with worth and great deſart,
Merit like loue in euery noble mind,

Why then doe I you ſtill ſo cruell find?
To whom you do ſuch praiſe of worth impart.
And if (my deere) you ſpeake not from your heart,
To hainous wrongs you do together bind.
To ſeeke with glozing words mine eies to blind,
And yet with hatefull deeds my loue to thwart.
To want what one deſerues engrieues his paine,
Becauſe it takes away all ſelfe accuſing:
And vnder kindeſt words to make diſdaine,
Is to a vexed ſoule too much abuſing.
Then if it be falſe, ſuch gloſing words refraine:
If true, O then let worth his worth obtaine.

X. SONET.

Her anſwere in the ſame Rimes.

IF your fond loue want worth and great deſart,
Then blame your ſelfe that you me cruell find:
If worth alone moue euery noble mind,
Why to no worth ſhould I my loue impart?
And if the leſſe to grieue your wounded heart,
I ſeeke your dazled eies with words to blind,
To iuſt diſfauour I great fauour bind,
With deeds and not with words your loue to thwart:
The freeing of your mind from ſelfe accuſing,
By granting your deſarts ſhould eaſe your paine,
And ſince loue is your fault t'were ſome abuſing,
With bitter words t'enuenome much diſdaine.

Then

Then if't be true, all gloſing I refraine,
If falſe, why ſhould not worth worths due obtaine.

XI. SONET.

Vpon her comming (though moſt vndeſeruedly) his verſes to his firſt Loue.

PRaiſe you thoſe barren Rimes long ſince compoſed?
Which my great Loue, her greater cruelty,
My conſtant faith, her falſe vnconſtancy,
My praiſes ſtile, her o're prais'de worth diſcloſed.
O, if I lou'd a ſcornefull Dame ſo deerely:
If my wilde yeares did yeeld ſo firme affection:
If her Moone-beames, ſhort of your Suns perfection,
Taught my hoarſe Muſe (as you ſay) to ſing cleerely
How much, how much ſhould I loue and adore you,
Diuineſt Creature if you deign'd to loue me?
What beauty, fortune, time ſhould euer moue me
In theſe ſtaid yeares to like ought elſe before you?
And O! how ſhould my Muſe by you inſpired?
Make heauen and earth reſound your praiſe admired.

My then greene Heart ſo brightly did eſtame.

XII. SONET.

To a worthy Lord (now dead) vpon preſenting him for a New-yeares-gift, with Cæſars *Commentaries and* Cornelius Tacitus.

VVOrthily famous Lord, whoſe vertues rare,
Set in the gold of neuer ſtain'd Nobility,
And noble mind ſhining in true humility,
Make you admir'd of all that vertuous are:
If as your Sword with enuy imitates
Great Cæſars ſword in all his deeds victorious,
So your learn'd Pen would ſtriue to be glorious,
And write your Acts perform'd in forreine States;
Or if ſome one with the deepe wit inſpir'd,
Of matchleſſe Tacitus would them hiſtorifie,
Then Cæſars works ſo much we ſhould not glorifie,
And Tacitus would be much leſſe deſir'd.
But till your ſelfe, or ſome ſuch put them forth,
Accept of theſe as Pictures of your worth.

XIII. SONET.

He demaunds pardon for looking, louing, and writing.

LEt not (ſweete Saint) let not theſe lines offend you,
Nor yet the meſſage that theſe lines impart:

The

The meſſage my vnfained Loue doth ſend you,
Loue, which your ſelfe hath planted in my heart.
For being charm'd by the bewitching art
Of thoſe inueagling graces which attend you,
Loues holy fire makes me breath out in part,
The neuer-dying flames my breſt doth lend you.
Then if my Lines offend, let Loue be blamed.
And if my Loue diſpleaſe, accuſe mine Eyes:
If mine Eyes ſinne, their ſins cauſe, only lies
On your bright eyes, which haue my heart inflamed.
Since eyes, loue, lines, erre then by your direction,
Excuſe mines eyes, my Lines, and my affection.

XIIII. SONET.

Loue and Iuſtice puniſhable only with like loue.

BVt if my lines may not be held excuſed,
Nor yet my Loue find fauour in your Eyes,
But that your eyes as Iudges ſhall be vſed,
Euen of the fault which from themſelues doth ariſe,
Yet this my humble ſuite do not deſpiſe,
Let me be iudged as I ſtand accuſed,
If but my fault my doome do equalize,
What ere it be, it ſhall not be refuſed.
And ſince my loue already is expreſſed,
And that I cannot ſtand vpon denyall,

I freely put my ſelfe vpon my tryall,
Let Iuſtice iudge me as I haue confeſſed:
For if my doome in iuſtice ſcales be wayed
With equall loue my loue muſt be repayed.

XV. SONET.

He calls his eares, eyes, and heart at witneſſes of her ſweet voice beauty, and inward vertuous perfections.

FAire is thy face, and great thy wits perfection,
So faire alas, ſo hard to be expreſt,
That if my tyred Pen ſhould neuer reſt,
It ſhould not blaze thy worth, but my affection
Yet let me ſay, the Muſes make election
Of your pure mind, there to erect their neſt,
And that your face is ſuch a flint-hard breſt,
By force thereof, without force feeles ſubiection.
Witneſſe mine eare rauiſht when you it heares,
Witneſſe mine eyes rauiſht when you they ſee,
Beauty and vertue, witneſſe eyes and eares,
In you (ſweete ſaint) of equall ſoueraignty.
But if nor eyes, nor eares can proue it true,
Witneſſe my heart, ther's none that equalls you.
How they make my poore heart at once to dwell,
In fire and froſt, in heauen and in hell.

Praiſe

XVI. SONET.

Praiſe of her eyes excelling all compariſon.

I Bend my wit, but wit cannot deuiſe,
Words fit to blaze the worth, your eyes containes
Whoſe nameleſſe worth, their worthles name diſdains,
For they in worth exceede the name of eyes.
Eyes they be not, but worlds in which there lyes,
More bliſſe then this wide world beſides containes.
Worlds they be not but ſtars, whoſe influence raignes,
Ouer my life and liues felicities.
Stars they be not, but ſuns, whoſe preſence driues,
Darkeneſſe from night, and doth bright day impart:
Suns they be not, which outward heate deriues,
But theſe do inwardly in flame my heart.
Since then in Earth, nor Heauen, they equal'd are,
I muſt confeſſe they be beyond compare.

XVII. SONET.

Contention of Loue and Reaſon for his heart.

REaſon and loue lately at ſtriſe contended,
Whoſe right it was to haue my minds protection
Reaſon on his ſide Natures will pretended,
Loues title was my Miſtreſſe rare perfection.

Of

Of power to end this ſtrife, each makes election,
Reaſons pretence diſcourſiue thoughts defended,
But loue ſoone brought theſe thoughts into ſubiection
By beauties troopes which on my Saint depended,
Yet ſince to rule the mind was Reaſons duty
On this condition it by loue was rendred,
That endleſſe praiſe by reaſon ſhould be tendred,
As a due tribute to her conquering beauty.
Reaſon was pleaſde withall, and to loues royalty
He pledg'd my heart, as hoſtage for his loyalty.

XVIII. SONET.

That ſhe hath greater power ouer his happineſſe and life, then either Fortune, Fate, or Starrs.

LEt fate my Fortune, and my ſtars conſpire.
Ioyntly to poure on me their worſt diſgrace:
So I be gracious, in your heauenly face,
I weigh not Fates, nor Starres, nor Fortunes yre,
T'is not the influence of heauens fire,
Hath power to make me bleſſed in my race,
Nor in my happineſſe hath Fortune place,
Nor yet can Fate my poore lifes date expire.
T'is your faire eyes my Starres all bliſſe do giue,
T'is your diſdaine my Fate hath power to kill,
T'is you (my Fortune) make me happy liue,
Though Fortune, Fate, and Starres conſpire mine ill.

Then

Then (bleſſed Saint) into your fauour take me,
Fortune, nor Fate, nor Stars can wretched make me.

XIX. SONET.

Of his Ladies weeping.

WHat neede I ſay how it doth wound my breſt,
By fate to be thus rauiſht from thine eyes
Since your owne teares by me doth ſimpathize,
Pleading with ſlow departure there to reſt?
For when with flouds of teares they were oppreſt,
Ouer thoſe Iuory bancks they did not riſe,
Till others enuying their felicities,
Did preſſe them forth, that they might there beare reſt,
Some of which teares, preſt forth by violence
Your lips with greedy kiſſing ſtraight did drinke:
And otherſome vnwilling to part thence,
Inamour'd on your cheekes in them did ſinke.
And ſome which from your face were forc'd away,
In ſigne of loue did on your garment ſtay.

XX. SONET.

He paints out his torment.

SWeete, to my curſed life ſome fauour ſhow,
Or let me not (accurſt) in life remaine:

Let

Let not my ſences ſence of life retaine,
Since ſence doth only yeeld me ſence of woe,
For now mine eyes only your frownes do know,
Mine eares heare nothing elſe but your diſdaine,
My lips taſte nought but teares, and ſmell is paine,
Baniſht your lips, where Indian Odours grow.
And my deuoted heart your beauties ſlaue,
Feeles nought but ſcorne, oppreſſions and diſtreſſe,
Made eu'n of wretchedneſſe the wretched caue,
Nay, too too wretched for vild wretchedneſſe.
For euen ſad ſighs, as loathing there to reſt,
Struggle for paſſage from my griefe-ſwolne breſt.

XXI. SONET.

His ſighs and teares are bootleſſe.

I Haue intreated, and I haue complayned,
I haue diſprais'd and prayſe I likewiſe gaue,
All meanes to win her grace I tryed haue,
And ſtill I loue, and ſtill I am diſdained,
So long I haue my tongue and Pen conſtrained,
To praiſe, diſpraiſe, complaine, and pitty craue,
That now nor tongue nor Pen, to me her ſlaue
Remaines, whereby her grace may be obtained.
Yet you (my ſighs) may purchaſe me reliefe,
And ye (my teares) her rockey heart may moue:
Therefore my ſighs ſigh in her eare my griefe,
And in her heart my teares imprint my loue:

But

But ceaſe vaine ſighs, ceaſe: ceaſe ye fruitleſſe teares,
Teares cannot pierce her heart, no ſighs her eares.

XXII. SONET.

Her beauty makes him liue euen in deſpaire.

WOunded with griefe, I weep, and ſigh and plaine
Yet neither plaints, nor ſighs, nor teares do good
But all in vaine I ſtriue againſt the floud,
Gaining but griefe for griefe and paine for paine.
Yet though in vaine my teares my cheekes diſtaine:
Leauing ingrauen ſorrow where they ſtood
And though my ſighs conſuming vp my bloud,
For loue deſeru'd, reape vndeſeru'd diſdaine:
And though in vaine I know I beg remorce
At your remorceleſſe heart more hard then ſteele,
Yet ſuch (alas) ſuch is your beauties force,
Charming my ſence, that though this hell I feele,
Though neither plaints, nor ſighs nor tears can moue you,
Yet muſt I ſtill perſiſt euer to loue you.

XXIII. SONET.

Why her lips yeeld him no word of comfort.

OFt do I plaine, and ſhe my plaints doth reade,
Which in black colours do paint forth my woe,

So

So that of force ſhe muſt my ſorrow know:
And know, for her diſdaine my heart doth bleede.
And knowledge muſt of force ſome pitty breede,
Which makes me hope ſhe will ſome fauour ſhow,
And from her ſugred lips much comfort flow
Into mine eares my heart with ioy to feede:
Yet though ſhe reades, and reading knowes my griefe
And knowledge moues her pitty my diſtreſſe,
Yet do her lips, ſweete lips take no reliefe.
Much do I muſe, but find no cauſe in this,
That in her lips her heauenly lips that bliſſe them,
Her words loth thence to part, ſtay there to kiſſe them.

XXIIII. SONET.

Compariſon of his heart to a tempeſt beaten Ship.

LIke a Sea toſſed Barke with tackling ſpent,
And ſtars obſcur'd his watry iournies guide,
By loud tempeſtuous winds and raging tide,
From waue to waue with dreadfull fury ſent,
Fares my poore heart, my heart-ſtrings being rent,
And quite diſabled your fierce wrath to bide,
Since your faire eyes my ſtars themſelues do hide,
Clowding their light in frownes and diſcontent:
For from your frownes do ſpring my ſighs and teares,
Teares flow like ſeas, and ſighs like winds do blow
Whoſe ioyned rage moſt violently beares
My tempeſt beaten heart from woe to woe.

And

And if your eyes ſhine not that I may ſhun it,
On rocke, deſpaire, my ſighs, my teares will run it.

XXV. SONET.

That he cannot leaue to loue, though commanded.

HOw can my loue in equity be blamed,
Still to importune though it ne're obtaine,
Since though her face and voyce will me refraine,
Yet by her voyce and face I am inflamed?
For when (alas) her face with frownes is framed,
To kill my loue, but to reuiue my paine:
And when her voyce commands, but all in vaine,
That loue both leaue to be, and to be named:
Her Syren voyce doth ſuch inchantment moue,
And though ſhe frowne, eu'n frownes ſo louely make
That I of force am forced ſtill to loue. (her,
Since that I muſt and yet cannot forſake her,
My fruitleſſe prayers ſhall ceaſe in vaine to moue her:
But my deuoted heart ne're ceaſe to loue her.

XXVI. SONET.

He deſires leaue to write of his Loue,

MVſt my deuoted heart deſiſt to loue her?
Not loue I may, but I may not confeſſe it,

What harder then loue, and yet depreſſe it?
Loue moſt conceal'd, doth moſt it ſelfe diſcouer.
Had I no Pen to ſhew that I approue her,
Were I tongue-tide that I might not addreſſe it?
In plaints and prayers vnfained to expreſſe it,
Yet could I not my deepe affection couer.
Had I no Pen, my very teares would ſhew it,
Which write my true affection in my face.
Were I tongue-tide, my ſighs would make her know it,
Which witneſſe that I grieue at my diſgrace.
Since then, though ſilent, I my loue diſcouer,
O let my pen haue leaue to ſay I loue her!

XXVII. SONET.

That time hath no power to end or diminiſh his loue.

TIme waſteth yeares, and months, and daies & houres
Time doth conſume fame, riches, wit and ſtrength,
Time kils the greeneſt herbes, and ſweeteſt flowers,
Time weares out youth, and beauties pride at length,
Time maketh euery tree to dye and rot:
Time turneth oft our pleaſure into paine.
Time cauſeth wars and wrongs to be forgot,
Time cleeres the skye that firſt hung full of raine.
Time brings to nought the mightieſt Princes ſtate,
Time brings a flood from new reſolued ſnow,

Time

Time calmes the Sea where tempeſts roared late,
Time eates whatſoe're the Moone doth ſee below:
Yet ſhall no time vpon my heart preuaile,
Nor any time ſhall make my loue to faile.

XXVIII. SONET.

Of the Moone.

LOoke how the pale Queene of the ſilent night,
Doth cauſe the Ocean to attend vpon her,
And he as long as ſhe is in his ſight,
With his full tide is ready her to honor:
But when the ſiluer wagon of the Moone
Is mounted vp ſo high he cannot follow,
The ſea cals home his chriſtall waues to moue,
And with low ebbe doth manifeſt his ſorrow:
So you that are the ſoueraigne of my heart,
Haue all my ioyes attending on your will,
My ioyes low ebbing when you doe depart,
When you returne, their tide my heart doth fill
So as you come, and as you doe depart
Ioyes ebbe and flow within my tender heart.

Three Sonets.

That loue only made him a Poet, and that all ſorts of verſes, both in rime and meaſure, agree with his Lady.

XXIX. SONET.

SOme men they ſay, are Poets borne by kind,
And ſucke that ſcience from their mothers breſt,
An eaſie art that comes with ſo great reſt,
And happy to men ſo good hap aſſign'd.
In ſome deſire of praiſe enflames the mind,
To clime with paine Parnaſſus double creſt:
Some hope of rich rewards hath ſo poſſeſt,
That gold in Caſtell ſands, they ſeeke to find.
Me, neither nature hath a Poet made,
Nor loue of glory mou'd to learne the trade,
Nor thirſt of gold perſwaded me to write:
For Natures graces are too fine for me,
Praiſe like the Peacock prides her ſelfe to ſee,
Deſire of gaine the baſeſt minds delight.

XXX. SONET.

WHat mou'd me then? ſay loue for thou canſt tell:
Of thee I learn'd this skill, if skill I haue.
Thou knowſt the Muſe, whoſe helpe I alwaies craue,
Is none of thoſe that on Parnaſſus dwell.
My Muſe is ſuch as doth them all excell,
They all to her alone their cunning gaue,

To

To ſing, to dance, to play, to make ſo braue,
Thrice threefold graces her alone befell.
From her do flow the ſtreames that water me,
Here is the praiſe if I a Poet be.
Her only looke both will and skill doth giue.
What maruell then if I thoſe lawes refuſe,
Which other Poets in their making vſe,
Since by her looks I writ, by which I liue?

XXXI. SONET.

THus am I free from lawes that other binde,
Who diuers verſe to diuers matter frame,
All kind of ſtiles do ſerue my Ladies name,
What they in all the world in her I find.
The lofty verſe doth ſhew her noble mind,
By which ſhe quencheth loues inraged flame:
Sweet Liricks ſing her heauenly beauties fame,
The tender Elege ſpeakes her pitty kind,
In mournefull Tragicke verſe for her I dye,
In Comicke ſhe reuiues me with her eye,
All ſerue my Goddeſſe both for mirth and mone,
Each looke ſhe caſts doth breede both peace and ſtrife,
Each word ſhe ſpeakes doth cauſe both death and life,
Out of my ſelfe I liue in her alone.

XXXII. SONET.

Deſire hath conquered reuenge.

VVRong'd by deſire I yeelded to diſdaine,
Who call'd reuenge to worke my ſpite thereby;
Raſh was reuenge and ſware, Deſire ſhould die,
No price nor prayer his pardon might obtaine.
Downe to my heart in rage he haſts amaine
And ſtops each paſſage, leaſt Deſire ſhould flye:
Within my eares diſdainefull words did lie,
Proud lookes did keepe mine eyes with ſcornful traine
Deſire that earſt but flickred in my breſt,
And wanton like now prickt now gaue me reſt,
For feare of death ſunke deeper in my heart.
There raignes he now, and there will raigne alone
Deſire is iealous, and giues part to none,
Nor he from me, nor I from him can ſtart.

XXXIII. SONET.

To his eyes.

VNhappy eyes the cauſes of my paine,
That to my foe betraid my ſtrongeſt hold

Where

Wherein he like a tyrant now doth raigne
And boſts of winning that which reaſon ſold.
Too late you call for helpe to me in vaine,
Who loue hath bound in chains of maſſie gold
The teares you ſhed increaſe my hot deſire,
As water on the Smithie kindles fire.
The ſighs that from my heart aſcend, (breſt,
Like wind diſpearſt the flame throughout my
No part is left to harbuor quiet reſt,
I burne in fire and do not ſpend:
Like him whoſe growing maw,
The vulture ſtill doth gnaw.

XXXIIII. SONET.

Ten Sonets to Philomel.

Sonet 1.

Vpon Loues entring by the eares.

OFt did I heare our eyes the paſſage weare,
By which Loue entred to aſſaile our hearts
Therefore I garded them and void of feare
Neglected the defence of other parts.
Loue knowing this, the vſuall way forſooke:
And ſeeking found a by-way by mine eare.
At which he entring, my heart priſoner tooke,
And vnto thee ſweete Philomel did beare.

Yet let my heart thy heart to pittty moue,
Whoſe paine is great, although ſmall fault appeare
Firſt it lies bound in fettring chaines of loue,
Then each day it is rackt with hope and feare.
And with loues flames tis euermore conſumed,
Only beeauſe to loue thee it preſumed.

XXXV. SONET.

O Why did Fame my heart to loue betray,
By telling my Deares vertue and perfection?
Why did my Traytor eares to it conuey,
That *Syren*-ſong cauſe of my hearts infection?
Had I beene deafe, or Fame her gifts concealed,
Then had my heart beene free from hopeleſſe Loue,
Or were my ſtate likewiſe by it reuealed,
Well might it Philomel to pitty moue.
Then ſhould ſhe know how loue doth make me languiſh
Diſtracting me twixt hope and dreadfull feare:
Then ſhould ſhe know my care, my plaints and anguiſh,
All which for her deare ſake I meekely beare.
Yea I could quietly deaths paines abide,
So that ſhe knew that for her ſake I dide

Of

XXXVI. SONET.

Of his owne, and his Miſtreſſe ſickneſſe at one time.

SIckneſſe entending my loue to betray,
Before I ſhould ſight of my deere obtaine:
Did his pale colours in my face diſplay,
Leſt that my fauour might her fauour gaine.
Yet not content herewith, like meanes it wrought,
My Philomels bright beauty to deface:
And natures glory to diſgrace it ſought,
That my conceiued loue it might diſplace.
But my firme loue could this aſſault well beare,
Which vertue had, not beauty for his ground.
And yet bright beames of beauty did appeare,
Through ſickneſſe vaile, which made my loue abound,
If ſicke (thought I) her beauty ſo excell,
How matchleſſe would it be if ſhe were well.

XXXVII. SONET.

Another of her ſickneſſe and recouery.

PAle Death himſelfe did loue my Philomell,
When he her vertues and rare beauty ſaw,
Therefore he ſickneſſe ſent: which ſhould expell,
His riuals life, and my deare to him draw.
But her bright beauty dazled ſo his eyes,
That his dart life did miſſe, though her it hit:
Yet not therewith content, new meanes he tries,

To

To bring her vnto Death, and make life flit.
But Nature ſoone perceiuing, that he meant
To ſpoyle her onely Phœnix, her chiefe pride,
Aſſembled all her force, and did preuent
The greateſt miſchiefe that could her betide.
So both our liues and loues Nature defended,
For had ſhe di'de, my loue and life had ended.

XXXVIII. SONET.

Alluſion to Theſeus voyage to Crete, againſt the Minotaure.

MY loue is ſail'd againſt diſlike to fight
Which like vild monſter, threatens his decay:
The ſhip is hope, which by deſires great might,
Is ſwiftly borne towards the wiſhed bay:
The company which with my loue doth fare,
(Though met in one) is a diſſenting crew:
They are ioy griefe, and neuer-ſleeping care,
And doubt which neere beleeues good newes for true:
Blacke feare the flag is, which my ſhip doth beare,
Which (Deere) take downe, if my loue victor be:
And let white comfort in his place appeare.
When loue victoriouſly returnes to me:
Leaſt I from rocke deſpaire come tumbling downe,
And in a ſea of teares be for'ſt to drowne.

Vpon

XXXIX. SONET.

Vpon her looking ſecretly out at a window as he paſſed by.

ONce did my Philomel reflect on me,
Her Criſtall pointed eyes as I paſt by:
Thinking not to be ſeene, yet would me ſee,
But ſoone my hungry eies their food did ſpy.
Alas, my deere, couldſt thou ſuppoſe, that face
Which needs not enuy Phœbus chiefeſt pride,
Could ſecret be, although in ſecret place,
And that tranſparant glaſſe ſuch beames could hide?
But if I had beene blinde, yet Loues hot flame,
Kindled in my poore heart by thy bright eye,
Did plainly ſhew when it ſo neere thee came,
By more the vſuall heate then cauſe was nie.
So though thou hidden wert, my heart and eye
Did turne to thee by mutuall Sympathy.

XL. SONET.

WHen time nor place would let me often view
Natures chiefe Mirror, and my ſole delight,
Her liuely picture in my heart I drew,
That I might it behold both day and night,
But ſhe, like Philips Sonne, ſcorning that I
Should portraiture, which wanted Apelles Art,
Commanded Loue (who nought dare her deny)
To burne the picture which was in my heart.

The

The more loue burn'd, the more her Picture ſhin'd:
The more it ſhin'd, the more my heart did burne:
So what to hurt her Picture was aſſign'd,
To my hearts ruine and decay did turne.
Loue could not burne the Saint, it was diuine,
And therefore fir'd my heart, the Saints poore ſhrine.

XLI. SONET.

To the Sunne of his Miſtreſſe beauty eclipſed with frownes.

WHen as the Sunne eclipſed is, ſome ſay,
It thunder, lightning, raine, & wind portendeth,
And not vnlike but ſuch things happen may,
Sith like effects my Sunne eclipſed ſendeth.
Witneſſe my throat made hoarſe with thundring cries,
And heart with loues hot flaſhing lightnings fired:
Witneſſe the ſhowers which ſtill fall from mine eies,
And breaſt with ſighes like ſtormy winds neare riued.
O ſhine then once againe ſweete Sunne on me,
And with thy beames diſſolue clouds of deſpaire
Whereof theſe raging Meteors framed be,
In my poore heart by abſence of my faire.
So ſhalt thou prooue thy beames thy heate, thy light,
To match the Sunne in glory, grace and might.

Vpon

XLII. SONET.

Vpon ſending her a gold ring, with this Poeſie, Pure and Endleſſe.

IF you would know the ioue which I you beare,
Compare it to the Ring which your faire hand
Shall make more precious, when you ſhall it weare:
So my loues nature you ſhall vnderſtand.
Is it of mettall pure? ſo you ſhall proue
My loue, which ne're diſloyall thought did ſtaine.
Hath it no end? ſo endleſſe is my loue,
Vnleſſe you it deſtroy with your diſdaine.
Doth it the purer waxe the more tis tride?
So doth my loue: yet herein they diſſent,
That whereas gold the more t'is puriſide,
By waxing leſſe, doth ſhew ſome part is ſpent.
My loue doth waxe more pure by your more trying,
And yet encreaſeth in the purifying.

XLIII. SONET.

The hearts captinitie.

MY cruell deere hauing captiu'de my heart,
And bound it faſt in chaines of reſtleſſe loue:
Requires it out of bondage to depart,
Yet is ſhe ſure from her it cannot moue.

Draw

Draw backe (ſaid ſhe) your hopeleſſe loue from me,
Your worth requires a farre more worthy place,
Vnto your ſuite though I cannot agree,
Full many will it louingly embrace.
It may be ſo (my deere) but as the Sunne
When it appeares doth make the ſtarres to vaniſh?
So when your ſelfe into my thoughts do runne,
All others quite out of my heart you baniſh.
The beames of your perfections ſhine ſo bright,
That ſtraight-way they diſpell all others light.

I. D.

XLIIII. SONET.

For her heart onely.

ONely (ſweete Loue) afford me but thy heart
Then cloſe thine eyes within their iuory couers,
That they to me no beame of light impart,
Although they ſhine on all thy other louers.
As for thy lip of ruby, cheeke of roſe,
Though I haue kiſt them oft with ſweete content,
I am content that ſweete content to loſe,
If they ſweet Will will not barre me, I aſſent.
Let me not touch thy hand, but through thy gloue,
Nor let it be the pledge of kindneſſe more:
Keepe all thy beauties to thy ſelfe ſweet loue:
I aske not ſuch bold fauours as before.
I beg but this, afford me but thy heart,
For then I know thou wilt the reſt impart.

Beſt

XLV. SONET.

BEſt pleas'd ſhe is, when loue is moſt expreſt,
And ſometime ſaies that loue ſhould be requited,
Yet is ſhe grieu'd my loue ſhould now be righted,
When that my faith hath prou'd what I proteſt.
Am I belou'd whoſe heart is thus oppreſt,
Or deere to her, and not in her delighted?
I liue to ſee the Sunne, yet ſtill benighted,
By her deſpaire is blam'de, and hope ſuppreſt,
She ſtill denies, yet ſtill her heart conſenteth:
She graunts me all, but that which I deſire,
She fuell ſends, but bids me leaue the fire,
She lets me die, and yet my death lamenteth.
O fooliſh loue, by reaſon of thy blindneſſe,
I dye for want of loue, yet kild with kindneſſe.

XLVI. SONET.

WHen a weake child is ſicke, and out of quiet,
And for his tendernеſſe cannot ſuſtaine
Phiſicke of equall ſtrength vnto his paine,
Phiſitions to the Nurſe preſcribe a dyet.
O I am ſicke, and in my ſickneſſe weake,
And through my weakneſſe dead, if I but take
The pleaſanteſt receit that art can make,
Or if I heare but my Phiſition ſpeake.

But

But ah (faire God of Phiſicke) it may be,
But Phiſick to my nurſe would me recouer,
She whom I loue with beauty nurſeth me,
But with a bitter mixture kils her louer.
Yet I aſſure my ſelfe, I ſhould not die,
If ſhe were purged of her crueltie.

XLVII. SONET.

WEre I as baſe as is the lowly plaine,
And you (my loue) as high as heau'n aboue,
Yet ſhould the thoughts of me your humble ſwaine,
Aſcend to heauen, in honour of my loue.
Were I as high as heau'n aboue the plaine,
And you (my loue) as humble and as low,
As are the deepeſt bottomes of the Mayne,
Whereſo'ere you were, with you my loue ſhould go,
Were you the earth (deere loue) and I the skies,
My loue ſhould ſhine on you like to the Sun,
And looke vpon you with ten thouſand eyes,
Till heau'n wax't blind, and till the world were dun,
Where ſo'ere I am, below, or elſe aboue you,
Where ſo'ere you are, my heart ſhall truly loue you.

XLVIII. SONET.

THe Poets faine, that when the world began,
Both ſexes in one body did remaine,

Till

Till loue (offended with this double man)
Cauſd Vulcan to diuide him into twaine.
In this diuiſion he the heart did ſeuer,
But cunningly he did indent the heart,
That if there were a reuniting euer,
Each part might know which was his counterpart.
See then (deere loue) th'indenture of my heart,
And reade the cou'nants writ with holy fire,
See (if your heart be not the counterpart
Of my true hearts indented chaſt deſire)
And if it be, ſo may it euer be,
Two hearts in one, twixt you my loue and me.

I. S.

XLIX. SONET.

Loues ſeuen deadly ſinnes.

Mine eye with all the deadly ſinnes is fraught,
1. Firſt, proud, ſith it preſum'd to looke ſo hie:
A watchman being made, ſtood gazing by:
2. And Idle, tooke no heed till I was caught,
3. And Enuious beares enuy, that my thought
Should in his abſence be to her ſo nie.
4. To kill my heart, mine eye let in her eye,
And ſo content gaue to a murther wrought:
5. And couetous, it neuer would remoue
From her faire haire, gold ſo doth pleaſe his ſight.

6. Vnchaſt; a bawd betweene my heart and loue,
7. A glutton eye, with teares drunke euery night.
Theſe ſinnes procured haue a Goddeſſe ire:
Wherefore my heart is damn'd in loues ſweete fire.

L. SONET.

To two moſt Honorable and vertuous Ladies and Siſters, the Ladie Margaret, *Counteſſe of Cumberland, the Ladie* Anne *Counteſſe of Warwicke.*

YE Siſter-Muſes, do not you repine,
That I two Siſters doe with nine compare,
Since each of theſe is farre more truly rare,
Then the whole troope of all the heau'nly nine.
But if ye aske me which is more diuine,
I anſwere, like to their twin eies they are,
Of which, each is more bright then brighteſt ſtarre,
Yet neither doth more bright then other ſhine.
Siſters of ſpotleſſe fame, of whom alone
Malitious tongues take pleaſure to ſpeake well,
How ſhould I you commend, ſith either one
All things in heau'n and earth ſo farre excell?
The only praiſe I can you giue, is this,
That one of you, like to the other is.

H. C.

LI. SON.

LI. SONET.

To my Lord the Prince.

DEareling of theſe, of future times the glory,
Branch royall ſprung from many a regall ſtemme,
On whoſe faire ſtructure, written is the ſtory,
Of natures chiefeſt skill, worlds choiſeſt Iemme:
Wits richeſt Cabinet, vertues beſt aray,
Centre where lines of all hearts loues doe meete.
Sweete ground whereon the Muſes loue to play,
Ripe in wit, though greene in yeres, of forme moſt ſweet,
Scotlands faire fruit, Englands great hope, Frances loue,
Irelands awe, Cambraies ioy, great Brittains fame,
Abridgement of all worth, the mighty Ioue,
Long lengthen your good daies, and ſtill your name,
And when you ſhall haue honoured long this land,
Grant you a glorious Saint in heauen to ſtand.

LII. SONET.

To the excellent Ladie Elizabeth her Grace.

FAire vertues Iemme ſet in moſt royall gold,
The worthieſt owner of the faireſt mantion,
Rich prize for which nature and fortune hold
With Muſes and graces Great contention:
All which by agreement this partition make,

None of themſelues worthy of all diſcerning,
Nature your beauty, Graces your vertues take,
Fortune ſhares your honour, Muſes your learning.
Map of perfection, who deſerue to be,
And are the worthieſt marke the world can yeeld,
For all great Chriſtian Princes loues, they ſee
Such vertues wheat, growing in beauties field:
Long may you liue, a holy and happy life,
A royall maide firſt, then a royall wife.

The end of the Sonets.

Of Canzonets.

I. CANZONET.

THE LIE.

GOe ſoule the bodies gueſt
vpon a thankleſſe arrant,
Feare not to touch the beſt,
the truth ſhall be thy warrant:
Goe ſince I needs muſt dye,
and giue the world the lye.

Say to the Court it glowes,
and ſhines like rotten wood,
Say to the Church it ſhewes
whats good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply,
Then giue them both the lye.

Tell Potentates they liue
acting by others action,
Not loued vnleſſe they giue,
not ſtrong but by affection.
If Potentates reply,
giue Potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
that mannage the eſtate,
Their purpoſe is ambition,
their practiſe onely hate:
And if they once reply,
then giue them all the lye.

Tell them that braue it moſt,
they beg for more by ſpending,
Who in their greateſt coſt,
like nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
then giue them all the lie.

Tell zeale it wants deuotion,
tell loue it is but luſt:
Tell time it meets but motion,
tell fleſh it is but duſt.
And wiſh them not reply,
for thou muſt giue the lie.

Tell age it daily waſteth,
tell honour how it alters,

Tell beauty how ſhe blaſteth,
tell fauour how it falters.
And as they ſhall reply,
giue euery one the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
in tickle points of niceneſſe,
Tell wiſedome ſhe entangles
her ſelfe in ouer wiſeneſſe.
And when they do reply,
ſtraight giue them both the lie.

Tell Phiſicke of her boldneſſe,
tell skill it is preuention:
Tell Charity of coldneſſe,
tell law it is contention,
And as they doe reply,
ſo giue them ſtill the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindneſſe,
tell nature of decay,
Tell friendſhip of vnkindneſſe,
tell Iuſtice of delay.
And if they will reply,
then giue them all the lie.

Tell Arts they haue no ſoundneſſe,
but vary by eſteeming,
Tell ſchooles they want profoundneſſe,
and ſtand ſo much on ſeeming.

If

If Arts and Schooles reply,
giue arts and ſchooles the lye.

Tell Faith its fled the Citie,
Tell how the countrey erreth,
Tell manhood ſhakes of pittie,
tell vertue leaſt preferred.
And if they doe reply,
ſpare not to giue the lye.

So when thou haſt as I,
commanded thee, done blabbing,
Becauſe to giue the lye,
deſerues no leſſe then ſtabbing:
Stab at thee he that will,
no ſtab thy ſoule can kill.

Cuddies Embleme.

Queſto per amar l'aquiſta.

II. CANZONET.

The Chriſtian Stoicke.

THe vertuous man is free, though bound in chaines,
though poore, contẽt, though baniſht, yet no ſtrãger,
Though ſicke, in health of mind, ſecure in danger,
And o're himſelfe, the world, and fortune raignes.
Nor good haps, proud, nor bad, deiected make him,
To Gods, not to mans will, he frames each action;

He ſeekes no fame, but inward ſatisfaction,
And firmer ſtands, the more bad fortunes ſhakes him.

III. CANZONET.

Upon ſeeing his face in her eye.

FAireſt and kindeſt of all women-kind:
Since you did me the vndeſerued grace,
In your faire Eye to ſhew me my bad face,
With loane Ile pay you in the ſelfe ſame kind:
Looke in mine eye, and I will ſhew to you,
The faireſt face that heauens eye doth view.

But the ſmall worthleſſe Glaſſe of my dimme eye,
Scarce ſhewes the Picture of your heau'nly face
Which yet each ſlighteſt turne doth ſtrait deface.
But could, O could you once my heart eſpy,
Your forme at large you there engrau'd ſhould ſee,
Which, not by Time, nor Death can razed be.

IIII. CANZONET.

A Dialogue betweene a Louers flaming heart, and his Ladies frozen Breaſt.

Hart. Shun not (ſweet Breaſt) to ſee me all of fire.
Breaſt. Fly not (deere Hart) to finde me all of ſnow.

Hart.

Hart. Thy ſnow inflame theſe flames of my deſire.
Breaſt. And I deſire, Deſires ſweet flames to know.
Ha. Thy ſnown'il hurt me. *Br.* Nor thy fire wil harme me.
Ha. This cold wil coole me. *Br.* And this heat wil warme (me:
Hart. Take this chaſt fire to that pure virgin ſnow,
Breaſt. Being now thus warm'd, Ile ne're ſeeke other fires
Hart. Tou giu'ſt more bliſſe thē mortal harts may know,
Breaſt. More bliſſe I take then Angels can deſire.

Both together.

Let one ioy fill vs, as one griefe did harme vs,
Let one death kill vs, as one loue doth warme vs.

V. CANZONET.

Or Quatrain.

IF you reward my loue with loue againe,
My bliſſe, my life, my heau'n I will deeme you,
But if you proudly quite me with diſdaine.
My curſe, my death, my hell, I muſt eſteeme you.

VI. CANZONET.

An inſcription for the Statue of Dido.

O moſt vnhappy Dido,
Vnhappy Wife, and more vnhappy Widdow!
Vnhappy in thy Mate.
And in thy Louer more vnfortunate.
By treaſon th'one was reft thee,
By treaſon to'other left thee.
That left thee meanes to flye with,
This left thee meanes to dye with.
The former being dead,
From Brothers ſword thou flyeſt:
The latter being fled,
On Louers, ſword thou dieſt.

Piu meritare, che conſeguire. F. D.

VII. CANZONET.

Loues Hyperboles.

IF Loue had loſt his ſhafts, and *Ioue* downe threw
His thunder bolts, or ſpent his forked fire,
They only might recouer'd be anew
From out my heart croſſe-wounded with deſire:
Or if debate by Mars were loſt a ſpace,
It might be found within the ſelfeſame place.

If Neptunes waues were all dryed vp and gone,
My weeping eyes ſo many teares diſtill.

That

That greater ſeas might grow by them alone:
Or if no flame were yet remaining ſtill.
In Vulcans forge, he might from out my breſt
Make choyſe of ſuch as ſhould befit him beſt.

If Aeole were depriued of his charge,
Yet ſoone could I reſtore his winds againe,
By ſobbing ſighs which forth I blow at large,
To moue her mind that pleaſures in my paine,
What man but I could thus incline his will,
To liue in loue that hath no end of ill?

VIII. CANZONET.

An inuectiue againſt Loue.

LOue is a ſowre delight, a ſugred griefe,
A liuing death, an euer-dying life.
A breath of reaſons law, a ſecret thiefe
A ſea of teares, an euerlaſting ſtriſe,
A baite for fooles a ſcourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a ſhot that euer hits.

Loue is a blinded God, a way-ward Boy,
A laborinth of doubts, an idle luſt,
A ſlaue of beauties will, a witleſſe toy,
A rauenous bird, a tyrant moſt vniuſt.
A burning heate in froſt, a flattring foe,
A priuate hell, a very world of woe.

Yet

Yet mighty Loue regard not what I ſay,
Who in a trance do lie, reft of my wits,
But blame the light that leades me thus aſtray,
And makes my tongue thus raue by frantike fits,
Yet hurt me not, leaſt I ſuſtaine the ſmart,
Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

VIII. CANZONET.

Petrarks Sonnet tranſlated.

Pace non trouo, & non hoda ſar guerra.

I Ioy not Peace where yet no war is found,
I feare and hope, I burne, yet freeze withall
I mount to heauen, yet lye ſtil on the ground,
I nothing hold, yet I compaſſe all.
I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,
Nor friend, nor holds me faſt, nor lets me goe.

Loue will not let me liue, nor let me dye,
Nor locks me faſt, nor ſuffers me to ſcape.
I want both eyes and tongue, yet ſee I cry.
I wiſh for death, yet after helpe I gape.
I hate my ſelfe, yet loue another wight,
And feede on griefe in lieu of ſweete delight.

At the ſelfe time, I both lament and ioy,
I ſtil am pleas'd and yet diſpleaſed ſtill:
Loue ſometimes ſeemes a God, ſomtimes a Boy,
Sometimes I ſinke, ſometimes I ſwim at will.
Twixt death and life, ſmall difference I make,
All this (deere Dame) endure I for thy ſake.

IX. CANZONET.

He proues himſelfe to endure the helliſh torments of Tantalus, Ixion, Titius, Siſyphus and the Belides.

IN that I thirſt for ſuch a Goddeſſe grace,
As wants remorſe, like Tantalus I die,
My ſtate is equall to Ixions caſe,
Whoſe mangled limbs are turn'd continually.
In that my rolling toiles can haue no end,
Nor loue, nor time, nor chance will ſtand my friend.

In that my heart conſuming neuer dies,
I feele with Titius an equall paine,
Vpon whoſe heart a vulture feeding lies.
In that I riſe through hope, and fall againe,
By feare like Siſyphus I labour ſtill
To turne a rowling ſtone againſt a hill.

In

In that I make my vowes to her alone,
Whoſe eares are deafe, and will retaine no ſound,
With Belides my ſtate is all but one,
Which fill a Tub whoſe bottome is not ſound.
Thus in my heart ſince loue therein did dwell
Are all the torments to be found in hell.

X. CANZONET.

Loues diſcommodities.

WHere heate of loue doth once poſſeſſe the heart,
There cares oppreſſe the mind with wonders ill,
Wit runs awry not fearing future ſmart,
And fond deſire doth ouer-maſter will.
The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,
Nor ouer-watched eyes deſire to winke.

Footſteps are falſe and wauering too and fro:
The pleaſing flower of beauty fades away,
Reaſon retires, and pleaſure brings in woe,
And wiſedome yeeldeth place to black decay,
Counſell and time, and friendſhip, are contemn'd,
And baſhfull ſhame, and Gods themſelues condemn'd.

Watchfull ſuſpect is linked with deſpaire,
Inconſtant hope is often drown'd in teares,
What folly hurts Fortune cannot repaire,
And miſerie doth ſwim in ſeas of teares,

Long

Long vſe of life is but a lingring foe,
And gentle death is only end of woe.

XI. CANZONET.

Allegory of his Loue to a Ship.

THe Souldier worne with wars delights in peace,
The Pilgrime in his eaſe when toyles are paſt,
The ſhip to gaine the Port, when ſtormes do ceaſe,
And I reioyce diſcharg'd from loue at laſt.
Whom while I ſeru'd, peace, reſt, and land I loſt,
With wars, with toiles, with ſtorms, worne, tir'd & toſt.

Sweete liberty now giues me leaue to ſing:
What world it was, where loue the rule did beare,
How fooliſh Chance by lots rul'd euery thing,
How error was main ſaile, each waue a teare.
The maſter loue himſelfe, deepe ſighs were winde,
Cares row'd with vowes, the Ship a penſiue mind.

Falſe hope the healme, oft turn'd the ſhip about,
And conſtant faith ſtood vp for middle maſt,
Deſpaire the Cable twiſted all with doubt,
Held griping griefe the piked Anchor faſt.
Beauty was all the rocks, but I at laſt.
Haue gain'd the the Port, and now my loue is paſt.

Exe-

XII. CANZONET.

Execration of his paſſed loue.

I Curſe the time, wherein theſe lips of mine,
Did pray or praiſe the dame that was vnkind.
I curſe my Inke my paper and each line,
My hand hath writ in hope to pleaſe her mind.
I curſe her hollow heart, and flattring eyes,
Whoſe ilye deceits did cauſe my mourning cries.

I curſe the ſugred ſpeech and Syrens ſong,
Wherewith ſo oft ſhe hath bewitcht mine eare:
I curſſe my fooliſh will that ſtaid ſo long
And ooke delight to bide twixt hope and feare:
I curſe the houre wherein I firſt began,
By louing lookes to proue a witleſſe man,

I curſe the dayes that I haue ſpent in vaine,
In louing one vngratefull and vnkinde:
I curſe the Bow and ſhafts that bred my paine,
And Loue I curſe, that Archer nak'd and blind.
But on that howre that my fond loue doth end,
Millions of bleſſings I will euer ſpend,

Of

XIII. CANZONET.

Of the Sunne: A Iewell, being a Sunne-ſoining vpon the Marigold cloſed in a heart of gold, ſent to his Miſtreſſe, named Mary.

THe Sunne doth make the Marigold to flowriſh,
The ſunnes departure make it droupe againe,
So golden Maries ſight, my ioyes do nouriſh,
But by her abſence all my ioyes are ſlaine.
The ſunne, the Marigold makes liue and die,
By her the ſun ſhines brighter, ſo may I.
Her ſmiles do glad the ſunne, and light the aires
Reuiue my heart, and cleare the cloudy skye.
Her frownes the aire make darke, the Sunne to loure.
The Marigold to cloſe, my heart to dye,
By her the ſunne, the flowre, the aire, and I,
Shine and darken, ſpread and cloſe, liue and dye,
You are the ſunne, you are the golden Mary,
Paſſing the Sunne in brightneſſe, gold in powre:
I am the flowre whom you do make to vary.
Flowriſh when you ſmile, droupe when you do lowre.
Oh let this heart of gold, Sun, and flowre,
Still liue, ſhine, and ſpring in your hearts bowre.

XIIII. CANZONET.

To her eyes.

FAine would I learne of thee thou murth'ring eye,
Whether thy glance be fire or elſe a dart,
For with thy looke in flames thou mak'ſt me fry,
And with the ſame thou ſtrik'ſt me to the heart.
Pierſt with thy lookes I burne in fire,
And yet thoſe lookes I ſtill deſire.

The Flie that buzzeth round about the flame
Knowes not(poore ſoule) ſhe gets her death thereby,
I ſee my death,and ſeeing ſeeke the ſame,
And ſeeking, find,and finding chuſe to dye.
That when thy lookes my life haue ſlaine,
Thy lookes may giue me life againe.

Turne then to me thoſe ſparkling Eyes of thine,
And with their fiery glances pierce my heart.
Quench not my light leaſt I in darkeneſſe pine.
Strike deepe and ſpare not,pleaſant is the ſmart.
So by thy lookes my life be ſpilt,
Kill me as often as thou wilt.

XV. CANZONET.

His heart araigned of theft and acquitted.

MY heart was found within my Ladies breſt,
Cloſe couche for feare that no man might him ſee,
On whom ſuſpect did ſerue a ſtraight arreſt,
And Felon like he muſt arraigned be.
What could he meane ſo cloſely there to ſtay,
But by deceit to ſteale her heart away?

The Bench was ſet, the Priſoner forth was brought,
My Miſtreſſe ſelfe chiefe Iudge to heare the cauſe:
Th'enditement read, by which his bloud was ſought,
That he (poore heart) by ſtealth had broke the lawes:
His plea was ſuch as each man might deſcry,
For grace and truth were read in either eye.

Yet forc'd to ſpeake, his Farther Plea was this,
That ſore purſu'd by me that ſought his bloud,
Becauſe ſo oft his preſence I did miſſe
Whilſt as he ſaid, he labour'd for my good:
He void of helpe to haue his harmes redreſt,
Tooke ſanctuary from his troubled breſt.

The gentle Iudge that ſaw his true entent,
And that his cauſe did touch her honour neere,
Since he from me to her for ſuccour went?
That truth might raigne, where rigour did appeare,
Gaue ſentence thus: that if he there would bide,
That place was made, a guiltleſſe heart to hide.

XVII. CANZONET.

Deadly ſweetneſſe.

SWeete thoughts, the foode on which I feeding ſterue,
Sweet teares, the drink that more augments my thirſt,
Sweete eyes, the ſtars by which my courſe doth ſwerue,
Sweete hope, my death, which waſte my life at firſt.
Sweete thoughts, ſweete teares, ſweet hope, ſweet eyes,
How chance that death in ſweetneſſe lies?

XVIII. CANZONET.

Ladies eyes ſerue Cupid both for Darts and fire.

OFt haue I mus'd the cauſe to find,
Why loue in Ladies eyes doth dwell:
I thought, becauſe himſelfe was blinde,
He look't that they ſhould guide him well.
And ſure his hope but ſeldome failes,
For loue by Ladies eyes preuailes.

But time, at laſt, hath taught me wit.
Although I bought my wit full deere,
For by her eyes my heart is hit,
Deep is the wound, though none apeare,
Their glancing beames as darts he throwes.
And ſure he hath no ſhafts but thoſe.

I muſ'd to ſee their eyes ſo bright,
And little thought they had bin fire,
I gaz'd vpon them with delight,
Bnt that delight hath bred deſire.
What better place can loue require,
Then that where grow both ſhafts and fire?

XIX. CANZONET.

Loues contrarieties.

I Smile ſometimes amids my greateſt griefe,
Not for delight, for that long ſince is fled,
Deſpaire did ſhut the gate againſt reliefe,
When loue at firſt, of death the ſentence read.
But yet I ſmile ſometimes in midſt of paine,
To think what toies do toſſe my troubled head
Aow moſt I wiſh that moſt I ſhould refraine,
And ſeeke the thing that leaſt I long to find,
And find the wound by which my hart is ſlain,
Yet want both skill and will to eaſe my mind.
Againſt my will I burne with free conſent,
I liue in paine, and in my paine delight,
I cry for death, yet am to liue content,
I hate the day, yet neuer wiſh for night,
I freeze for cold, and yet refraine the fire:
I long to ſee and yet I ſhun her ſight,
I ſcald in ſun, and yet no ſhade deſire,
I liue by death, and yet I wiſh to dye.

I feele no hurt, and yet for helpe enquire,
I die by life, and yet my life defie.

Heu, cogor vti neſcius eſſe mei.

XX. CANZONET.

Her outward geſture deceiued his inward hope.

SMooth are thy lookes, ſo is the deepeſt ſtreame,
Soft are thy lips, ſo is the ſwallowing ſand.
Faire is thy ſight, but like vnto a dreame,
Sweete is thy promiſe, but it will not ſtand.
Smooth, ſoft, faire, ſweete to them that lightly toueh.
Rough, hard, ſoule, ſoure to them that take too much.

Thy lookes ſo ſmooth haue drawne away my ſight,
Who would haue thought that hookes could ſo be hid?
Thy lips ſo ſoft haue fretted my delight,
Before I once ſuſpected what they did.
Thy face ſo faire hath burnt me with deſire,
Thy words ſo ſweete were bellowes for the fire.

And yet I loue the lookes that made me blinde,
And like to kiſſe the lips that fret my life,
In heate of fire an eaſe of heate I find,
And greateſt peace in midſt of greateſt ſtrife.
That if my choiſe were now to make againe,
I would not haue this ioy without this paine.

That

XXI. CANZONET.

That she is vnchangeable.

The loue of chãge hath chang'd the world throughout
And nought is counted good, but what is ſtrange,
New things waxe old, old new, all turne about,
And all things change, except the loue of change.
Yet feele I not this loue of change in me,
But as I am, ſo will I alwaies be.

For who can change that likes his former choiſe
Who better wiſh that knowes he hath the beſt?
How can the heart in things vnknowne reioyce,
If ioy well tride can bring no certaine reſt?
My choyſe is made, change he that liſt for me,
Such as I am, ſuch will I alwaies be.

Who euer chang'd and not confeſt his want?
And who confeſt his want and not his woe?
Then change who liſt, thy woe ſhall not be ſcant
Within thy ſelfe thou feedſt thy mortall foe.
Change calls for change, no end no eaſe for thee,
Then as I am, ſo will I alwayes be.

Mine eyes confeſſe they haue their wiſhed ſight,
My heart affirmes it feeles the loue it ſought.
Mine inward thoughts are fed with true delight,
Which full conſent of conſtant ioy hath wrought.

And full content deſires no change to ſee,
Then as I am ſo will I alwayes be.

Reſt then (my heart) and keepe thine old delight,
Which like the Pheœnix waxeth yong each day,
Each houre preſents new pleaſure to my ſight,
More cauſe of ioy increaſeth euery way.
True loue with age doth dayly cleerer ſee,
Then as I am ſo will I alwaies be.

What gain'd faire Creſside by her faithleſſe change,
But loſſe of time, of beauty, health, and life?
Marke Iaſons hap, that euer lou'd to range,
That loſt his children and his princely wife.
Then change farewell, thou art no mate for me,
But as I am, ſo will I alwaies be.

XXIII. CANZONET.

Vpon her abſence.

THe ſummer ſunne that ſcalds the gronnd with heat,
And burnes the graſſe, and driues the riuers ſource,
With milder beames, the fartheſt earth doth beate,
When through the frozen Goat he runs his courſe.
The fire that burnes what euer comes to hand,
Doth hardly heate that fartheſt off doth ſtand,

Not ſo the heate that ſets my heart on fire,
By diſtance, ſlakes, and lets me coole againe:
But ſtill, the farther off the more deſire,
The abſent fire doth burne with hotter paine.
My Ladies preſence burne me with deſire,
Her abſence turnes me into flaming fire.

Who

Who ſo hath ſeene the flame that burneth bright,
By outward cold in narrow roome ſuppreſt,
Encreaſe in heat, and rage with greater might,
May geſſe what force of fire torments my breſt:
So run the ſwelling ſtreames with double force,
Where lockes or piles are ſet to ſtay their courſe.

For when my heart perceiu'd her parting neere,
By whoſe ſweete ſight he liues that elſe ſhould die,
It clos'd it ſelfe to keepe thoſe beames ſo cleere,
Which from her looke had pierſt it through the eye.
The fiery beames which would breake out ſo faine
By ſeeking vent, encreaſe my burning paine,

But if my deere returne aliue and ſound,
That theſe mine eies may ſee her beauty bright,
My heart ſhall ſpread with ioy that ſhall abound,
And open wide, receiuing cleerer light.
She ſhall recouer that which I poſſeſſe,
And I thereby enioy no whit the leſſe.

XXIIII. CANZONET.

The Louer abſence kils me, her preſence cures me.

THe frozen Snake oppreſt with heaped ſnow,
By ſtrugling hard gets out her tender head,
And ſpies farre off from where ſhe lies below
The winter Sunne that from the North is fled.

But

But all in vaine ſhe lookes vpon the light,
Where heate is wanting to reſtore her might.

What doth it helpe a wretch in priſon pent,
Long time with byting hunger ouer-preſt,
To ſee without, or ſmell within the ſcent,
Of dainty fare for others tables dreſt,
Yet Snake and Priſnor both behold the thing,
The which (but not with ſight) might comfort bring.

Such is my ſtate, or worſe if worſe may be,
My heart oppreſt with heauy froſt of care,
Debar'd of that which is moſt deare to me,
Kild vp with cold, and pinde with euill fare,
And yet I ſee the thing might yeeld reliefe,
And yet the ſight doth breed my greater griefe.

So Thiſbe ſaw her louer through the wall,
And ſaw thereby ſhe wanted that ſhe ſaw:
And ſo I ſee, and ſeeing want withall,
And wanting ſo, vnto my death I draw,
And ſo my death were twenty times my friend,
If with this verſe my hated life might end.

XXV. CAN-

XXV. CANZONET.

Faire Face, and hard Heart.

FAire is thy face, and that thou knoweſt too well,
Hard is thy heart, and that thou wilt not know:
Thou flear'ſt and ſmil'ſt, when I thy praiſes tell,
But ſtop'ſt thine eares when I my griefe would ſhow.
Yet though in vaine, needs muſt I ſpeake,
Or elſe my ſwelling heart would breake.

And when I ſpeake, my breath doth blow the fire,
With which my burning heart conſumes away:
I call vpon thy name, and helpe require,
Thy deareſt name which doth me ſtill betray:
For grace, ſweete grace thy name doth ſound,
Yet ah! in thee no grace is found.

Alas, to what part ſhall I then appeale?
Thy face ſo faire diſdaines to looke on mee,
Thy tongue commands my heart his griefe conceale,
Thy nimble feete from me do alwaies flee.
Thine eyes caſt fire to burne my heart,
And thou reioyceſt in my ſmart.

Then, ſince thou ſeeſt the life I lead in paine,
And that for thee I ſuffer all this griefe,
O let my heart this ſmall requeſt obtaine,
That thou agree it pine without reliefe!

I aske

I aske not loue for my good will,
But leaue, that *I* may loue thee ſtill.

Quid minus optari per mea vota poteſt?

XXVI. CANZONET.

An inuectiue againſt Loue.

ALl is not gold that ſhineth bright in ſhow,
Not euery flowre ſo good, as faire, to ſight,
The deepeſt ſtreames, aboue doe calmeſt flow,
And ſtrongeſt poyſons oft the taſt delight,
The pleaſant baite doth hide the harmeleſſe hooke,
And falſe deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue is the gold whoſe outward hew doth paſſe,
Whoſe firſt beginnings goodly promiſe make,
Of pleaſures faire and freſh as Sommers graſſe,
Which neither *S*unne can parch, nor winde can ſhake:
But when the mould ſhould in the fire be tride,
The gold is gone, the droſſe doth ſtill abide.

Beauty the flowre, ſo freſh, ſo faire, ſo gay,
So ſweete to ſmell, ſo ſoft to touch and taſt:
As ſeemes it ſhould endure, by right for aye,
And neuer be with any ſtorme defa'ſt.
But when the balefull Southerne winde doth blow,
Gone is the glory which it erſt did ſhow.

Loue

Loue is the ſtreame, whoſe waues ſo calmely flow
As might intice mens minds to wade therein:
Loue is the poiſon mixt with ſugar ſo,
As might by outward ſweetneſſe liking win.
But as the deepe o'reflowing ſtops thy breath,
So poyſon once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whoſe taſt the fiſh deceiues,
And makes them ſwallow downe the choaking hooke,
Loue is the face whoſe faireneſſe iudgement reaues,
And makes thee truſt a falſe and fained looke.
But as the hooke the fooliſh fiſh doth kill,
So flattring lookes, the louers life doe ſpill.

XXVII. CANZONET.

Upon his Ladies buying ſtrings for her Lute.

IN happy time the wiſhed faire is come,
To fit my Lute with ſtrings of eu'ry kinde,
Great pitty 'tis, ſo ſweete a Lute be dumme,
That ſo can pleaſe the eare, and eaſe the minde.
Go take thy choiſe, and chuſe the very beſt,
And vſe them ſo, that head and heart find reſt.

Reſt thou in ioy, and let me waile alone,
My pleaſant daies haue tane their laſt farewell:

My

My heart-ſtrings ſorrow ſtrooke ſo long with mone,
That at the laſt they all in peeces fell.
And now they lye in pieces broke ſo ſmall,
That ſcarce they ſerue to make me frets withall.

And yet they ſerue and binde my heart ſo ſtraite,
That frets indeed they ſerue to fret it out:
No force for that, in hope thereof I waite,
That death may rid me both of hope and doubt.
But death, alas, drawes backward all too long,
And I each day feele now increaſe of wrong.

XXVIII. CANZONET.

Care will not let him liue, nor hope let him dye.

MY heauy heart which griefe and hope torment,
Beates all in vaine againſt my weary breaſt,
As if it thought with force to make a vent,
That death might enter to procure my reſt.
But fooliſh heart, thy paines are loſt I ſee,
For death and life both flie and follow thee.

When weight of care would preſſe me down with paine,
That I might ſinke to depth of death below,
Hope lends me wings and lifts me vp againe,
To ſtriue for life and liue in greater woe.

So fares the Boate, which windes driue to the ſhore,
And tides driue backward where it was before.

Thus neither hope will let me die with care,
Nor Care conſent that hope aſſure my life,
I ſeeke for life, death doth his ſtroke prepare,
I come to death, and life renewes my ſtrife.
All as the ſhadow, followes them that flie,
And flies from them that after it doe hie.

What is my hope? that hope will faile at laſt,
And griefe get ſtrength to worke his will on me:
Either the waxe with which hopes wings are faſt,
By ſcalding ſighes mine eies ſhall melted ſee.
Or elſe my teares ſhall wet the feathers ſo,
That I ſhall fall and drowne in waues of woe.

XXIX. CANZONET.

In praiſe of the Sunne.

THE Golden Sunne that brings the day,
And lends men light to ſee withall,
In vaine doth caſt his beames away,
Where they are blind on whom they fall,
There is no force in all his light,
To giue the Mole a perfect ſight.

But thou my Sunne more bright then he,
That ſhines at noone in Summer tide,

Haſt

Haſt giuen me light and powre to ſee,
With perfect skill my ſight to guide.
Till now I liu'd as blind as Mole,
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praiſe of beauties grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but Poets skill,
I gaz'd on many a louely face,
Yet found I none to bind my will.
Which made me thinke that beauty bright,
Was noting elſe but red and white.

But now thy beames haue clear'd my ſight,
I bluſh to thinke I was ſo blind:
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauties blaze each where I find.
And yet theſe Dames that ſhine ſo bright,
Are but the ſhadow of thy light.

XXX. CANZONET.

Death in loue.

Mine eies haue ſpent their teares, and now are dry,
My weary hand will guide my Pen no more.
My voyce is hoarſe, and can no longer cry,
My head hath left no new complaints in ſtore,
My heart is ouerburd'ned ſo with paine,
That ſence of griefe doth none therein remaine.

The

The teares you ſee diſtilling from mine eies,
My gentle Muſe doth ſhed for this my griefe.
The plaints you heare are her inceſſant cries,
By which ſhe cals in vaine for ſome reliefe.
She neuer parted ſince my griefe begun,
In her I liue, ſhe dead, my life were done.

Then (louing Muſe) depart, and let me dye,
Some brauer youth will ſue to thee for grace,
That may aduance thy glory to the ſky,
And make thee ſcorne blind fortunes frowning face.
My heart and head that did thee entertaine,
Deſire and Fortune with deſpight haue ſlaine.

My Lady dares not lodge thee in her breſt,
For feare, vnwares ſhe let in loue with thee,
For well ſhe thinkes ſome part in thee muſt reſt,
Of that which ſo poſſeſt each part of me.
Then (good my Muſe) flie backe to heau'n againe.
And let me dye, to end this endleſſe paine.

XXXI. CANZONET.

Breake heauy heart.

BReake heauy heart, and rid me of this paine,
This paine that ſtill encreaſeth day by day:
By day with ſighes I ſpend my ſelfe in vaine:
In vaine by night with teares I waſt away.

Away I waſt with teares by night in vaine,
Teares, ſighes by night, by day encreaſe this paine.

Mine eyes no eyes, but fountaines of my teares,
My teares no teares, but floods to moyſt my heart:
My heart no heart, but labour of my feares,
My feares no feares, but feelings of my ſmart.
My ſmart, my feares, my heart, my teares, mine eies
Are blinde, dride, ſpent, paſt, waſted with my cries.

And yet mine eies, though blind, ſee cauſe of griefe,
And yet my teares, though dride, runne downe amaine:
And yet my heart, though ſpent, attends reliefe.
And yet my feares, though paſt, encreaſe my paine.
And yet I liue, and liuing feele more ſmart,
And ſmarting, cry in vaine, breake heauy heart.

XXXII. CANZONET.

Deſires gouernment.

WHere wit is ouer-ruld by will,
And will is led by fond deſire,
There reaſon were as good be ſtill,
As ſpeaking, kindle greater fire,
For where deſire doth beare the ſway,
The heart muſt rule, the head obay.

What boots the cunning Pilots skill,
To tell which way to ſhape their courſe?

When

When he that ſteers will haue his will,
And driue them where he liſt pe force.
So reaſon ſhewes the truth in vaine,
Where fond deſire as King doth raigne.

XXXIII. CANZONET.

Lones properties.

TWixt heat and cold, t'wixt death and life,
I freeze and burne, I liue and die:
Which ioyntly worke in me ſuch ſtrife,
I liue in death, in cold I fry.
Nor hot, nor cold, nor liue, nor dead,
Neither, and both, this life I lead.

Firſt burning heate ſets all on fire,
Whereby I ſeeme in flames to fry:
Then cold deſpaire kils hot deſire,
That drenched deepe, in death I lye.
Heate driues out cold, and keepes my life,
Cold quencheth heate, ſo end of ſtrife.

The leſſe I hope to haue my will,
The more I feele deſire encreaſe,
And as deſire encreaſeth ſtill,
Deſpaire to quench it doth not ceaſe.
So liue I as the Lampe, whoſe light
Oft comes, oft goes, now dim, now bright.

XXXIIII. CANZONET.

Liuing Death.

IF meanes be none to end my reſtleſſe care,
If needs I muſt o'rewhelm'd with ſorrow lie:
What better way this ſorrow to declare,
Then, that I dying liue, and cannot dye?

If nought but loſſe I reape in ſtead of gaine,
If laſting paine do euery day encreaſe:
To thee (good Death) alas I muſt complaine,
Thou art of force to make my ſorrow ceaſe.

If thou, becauſe I thee refuſde ſometime,
Now ſhut thine eares, and my requeſt deny,
Still muſt I liue, and waile in wofull rime:
That dying ſtill I am, and cannot die.

Spiro non viuo.

XXXV. CANZONET.

The paſſionate Priſoner.

YE walls that ſhut me vp from ſight of men,
Incloſd wherein aliue I buried lie,
And thou ſometime my bed, but now my den,
Where ſmothred vp, the light of Sunne I flye:

O ſhut your ſelues, each chinke and creuiſſe ſtraine,
That none but you may heare me thus complaine.

My hollow cries that beate thy ſtony ſide,
Vouchſafe to heare, but beate them backe againe,
That when my griefe hath ſpeech to me denide,
Mine eares may heare the witneſſe of my paine.
As for my teares, whoſe ſtreames muſt euer laſt,
My ſilent couch ſhall drinke them vp as faſt.

XXXVI. CANZONET.

Hopeleſſe deſire ſoone withers and dyes.

THough naked trees ſeeme dead to ſight,
When Winter winde doth keenely blow,
Yet if the roote maintaine her right,
The Spring their hidden life will ſhow.
But if the roote be dead and dry,
No maruell though the branches dye.

While hope did liue within my breſt,
No Winter ſtorme could kill deſire,
But now diſdaine hath hope oppreſt,
Dead is the roote, dead is the ſpire.
Hope was the roote, and ſpire was loue.
No ſap beneath, no life aboue.

And as we ſee the rootleſſe ſtocke,
Retaine ſome ſap, and ſpring a while

Yet quickly proue a life leſſe block:,
Becauſe the roote doth life beguile :
So liues deſire which hope hath left,
As twilight ſhines when Sunne is reft.

XXXVII. CANZONET.

Naturall compariſons with perfect loue.

THE loweſt trees haue tops, the Ant her gall,
The flye her ſpleene, the little ſparkes their heate :
The ſlender haires caſt ſhadowes, though but ſmall,
And Bees haue ſtings, although they be not great.
Seas haue their surges, ſo haue ſhallow ſprings,
And loue is loue, in Beggars, as in Kings.

Where riuers ſmootheſt run, deepe are the fords,
The Diall ſtirres, yet none perceiues it moue,
The firmeſt faith is in the feweſt words,
The Turtles cannot ſing, and yet they loue.
True hearts haue eyes, and eares, no tongues to ſpeake,
They heare, and ſee, and ſigh, and then they breake.

XXXVIII. CANZONET.

An anſwere to the firſt ſtaffe, that loue is vnlike in Beggars and in Kings.

COmpare the Bramble with the Cedar tree,
The Piſmires anger with the Lyons rage :

What

What is the buzzing flye where Eagles be?
A drop the ſparke, no Seas can Aetna ſwage.
Small is the heate in Beggars breaſts that ſprings,
But flaming fire conſumes the hearts of Kings.

Who ſhrouds himſelfe where ſlender haires caſt ſhade?
But mighty Oakes may ſcorne the Summer Sun;
Small cure will ſerue, where Bees the wound haue made,
But Dragons poyſon through each part doth run.
Light is the loue that beggars boſome ſtings,
Deepe is the wound that Cupid makes in Kings.

Small channels ſerue, where ſhallow ſprings do ſlide,
And little helpe will turne or ſtay their courſe:
The higheſt bankes ſcarce hold the ſwelling tide,
Which ouerthrowes all ſtops with raging force:
The baſer ſort ſcarce wet them in the ſprings,
Which ouer-whelme the head, of mighty Kings.

What though in both the heart be ſeat of loue,
The ſelfe-ſame ground both corne and cockle breeds:
Faſt by the Bryar, the Pine tree mounts aboue,
One kinde of graſſe, the Iade, and Iennet feeds:
So from the heart, by ſecret vertue ſprings,
Vnlike deſire in beggars and in Kings.

XXXIX. CANZONET.

A ſong in praiſe of a Beggars life.

BRight ſhines the Sunne, Play Beggars play,
Heere's ſcraps enough to ſerue to day.
What noiſe of Viols is ſo ſweete,
As when our merry clappers ring,
What mirth doth want where Beggars meete,
A beggars life is for a King.
Eate, drinke, and play, ſleepe when we liſt,
Go where we will, ſo ſtockes be miſt.
Bright ſhines, &c.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
For we alone haue world at will,
We purchaſe not, all is our owne,
Both fields and ſtreetes we beggars fill.
Nor care to get, nor feare to keepe,
Did euer breake a beggars ſleepe.
Bright ſhines, &c.

A hundred head of blacke and white,
Vpon our gownes ſecurely feede,
If any dares his Maſter bite,
He dies therefore as ſure as Creede.
Thus beggars lord it as they pleaſe,
And none but beggers liue at eaſe.
Bright ſhines the Sun, &c.

XL. CANZONET.

To Time.

ETernall Time that waſteſt without waſt,
That art, and art not, dieſt, and liueſt ſtill.
Moſt ſlow of all, and yet of greateſt haſt,
Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill.
How can I iuſtly praiſe thee, or diſpraiſe,
Darke are thy nights, but bright and cleare thy daies.

Both free and ſcarce thou giu'ſt and tak'ſt againe,
Thy wombe that all doth breede, is Tombe to all:
What ſo by thee hath life by thee is ſlaine,
From thee do all things riſe, to thee they fall:
Conſtant, inconſtant, mouing, ſtanding ſtill,
Was, is, ſhall be, doe thee both breede and kill.

I loſe thee, while I ſeek to find thee out,
The farther off, the more I follow thee:
The faſter hold, the greater cauſe of doubt,
Was, is, I know, but ſhall, I cannot ſee.
All things by thee are meaſured, thou by none:
All are in thee, thou in thy ſelfe alone.

XLI. CANZONET.

A hymne in praiſe of Muſicke.

PRaiſe, pleaſure, profite, is that threefold band,
Which ties mens minds more faſt thē Gordions knot:
Each one ſome drawes, all three none can withſtand,
Of force conioynd, Conqueſt is hardly got.
Then Muſicke may of hearts a Monarch be,
Wherein prayſe, pleaſure, profite ſo agree.

Praiſe-worthy Muſicke is, for God it praiſeth,
And pleaſant, for brute beaſts therein delight,
Great profit from it flowes, for why it raiſeth
The mind ouerwhelmed with rude paſſions might:
When againſt reaſon paſſions fond rebell,
Muſicke doth that confirme, and thoſe expell.

If Muſicke did not merit endleſſe praiſe,
Would heauenly Spheares delight in ſiluer round?
If ioyous pleaſure were not in ſweet layes,
Would they in Court and Country ſo abound?
And profitable needes we muſt that call,
Which pleaſure linkt with praiſe doth bring to all.

Heroicke minds with praiſes moſt incited,
Seeke praiſe in Muſicke and therein excell:
God, man, beaſts, birds, with Muſicke are delighted,
And pleaſant t'is which pleaſeth all ſo well.

No

No greater profit is then ſelfe content:
And this will Muſicke bring, and care preuent.

When antique Poets Muſicks praiſes tell,
They ſay it beaſts did pleaſe and ſtones did moue:
To proue more dull then ſtones, then beaſts more ſ
Thoſe men which pleaſing Muſicke did not loue,
They fain'd, it Cities built, and ſtates defended
To ſhew the profite great on it depended.

Sweete birds (poore mens Muſitians) neuer ſlake
To ſing ſweet Muſickes praiſes day and night:
The dying Swans in Muſicke pleaſures take,
To ſhew that it the dying can delight:
In ſickneſſe, health, peace, warre, we do it need,
Which proues ſweet *Muſicks* profit doth exceed.

But I, by niggard praiſing, do diſpraiſe
Praiſe-worthy muſicke in my worthleſſe Rime:
Ne can the pleaſing profit of ſweet laies,
Any ſaue learned Muſes well define,
Yet all by theſe rude lines may clearely ſee,
Praiſe, pleaſure, profite, in ſweet muſicke be.

Abymne

XLII. CANZONET.

Or a Hymne in praiſe of Neptune.

OF Neptunes Empire le vs ſing,
At whoſe command the waues obay:
To whom the riuers tribute pay,
Downe the high mountaines ſliding:
To whom the ſcaly Nation yeelds
Homage for the Chriſtall fields
Wherein they dwell.
And euery Sea-God paies a Iem,
Yeerely out of his watry Cell,
To deck great Neptunes Diadem:

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his Pallace gates, do make
The waters with their ecchoes quake,
Like the great thunder ſounding:
The Sea-Nimphs chant their accents ſhrill,
And the Syrens taught to kill
With their ſweet voyce:
Make euery ecchoing rock reply,
Vnto their gentle murmuring noyſe,
The praiſe of Neptunes Empery,

Th. Campion.

XLIII. CANZONET.

Or a Hymne that was ſung by Amphitryte, Thamaſis, *& other Sea Nimphs in Graies-Inne, Maske at the Court.*
1594.

Of his Miſtreſſes face.

AND would you ſee my miſtreſſe face?
It is a flowry garden place,
Where knots of beauty haue ſuch grace,
That all is worke, and no where ſpace.

It is a ſweete delicious morne,
Where day is breeding, neuer borne:
It is a meadow yet vnſhorne,
Which thouſand flowers do adorne.

It is the heauens bright reflexe,
Weake eyes to dazle and to vexe:
It is th'Idæa of her ſexe,
Enuy of whom doth world perplexe

It is a face of death that ſmiles,
Pleaſing, though it kill the whiles,
Where death and loue in pretty wiles,
Each other mutually beguiles.

It

It is faire beauties freſheſt youth,
It is a fain'd Eliziums truth:
The ſpring that wintred hearts renu'th,
And this is that my ſoule purſu'th.

XLIIII. CANZONET.

Upon her paleneſſe.

BLame not my cheeks, though pale with loue they be,
The kindly heate into my heart is flowne:
To cherriſh it that is diſmayd by thee,
Who art ſo cruell and vnſtedfaſt growne.
For nature cald for by diſtreſſed hearts,
Neglects, and quite forſakes the outward parts.

But they whoſe cheekes with careleſſe bloud are ſtaind,
Nurſe not one ſparke of loue within their hearts,
And when they woo, they ſpeake with paſſion faind,
For their fat loue lies in their outward parts.
But in their breaſts where loue his court ſhould hold
Poore Cupid ſits, and blowes his nayles for cold.

Tho. Campion.

XLV. CANZONET.

Of Corinnaes ſinging.

VVHen to her Lute Corinna ſings,
Her voyce reuiues the leaden ſtrings,
And doth in higheſt notes appeare,
As any challeng'd eccho cleere,
But when ſhe doth of mourning ſpeake,
Eu'n with her ſighs the ſtrings do breake.

And as her Lute doth liue or die,
Led by her paſſions, ſo muſt I:
For when of pleaſure ſhe doth ſing,
My thoughts enioy a ſodaine ſpring,
But if ſhe doe of ſorrow ſpeake,
Eu'n from my heart the ſtrings do breake.

Tho. Campion.

XLVI. CANZONET.

Vpon his Ladies ſickneſſe of the Poxe.

CRuell and vnpartiall ſickenſſe,
Sword of that Arch-Monarke death,
That ſubdues all ſtrength by weakeneſſe,
Whom all kings pay tribute breath.

Are not theſe thy ſteps I tracke,
In the pure ſnow of her face,

When

When thou did'ſt attempt to ſacke
Her liues fortreſſe, and it race.

Th'neauenly hony thou didſt ſucke,
From her Roſe cheeks might ſuffice,
Why then didſt thou marre and plucke
Thoſe deere flowers of rareſt price?

Mean'ſt thou thy Lord to preſent
With thoſe rich ſpoiles and adorne,
Leauing me them to lament,
And in Inkes black teares thus mourne?

No: Ile in my boſome weare them,
And cloſe lock them in my heart:
Thence, nor time, nor death ſhall beare them
Till I from my ſelfe depart.

XLVII. CANZONET.

In the grace of wit, of tongue and face.

Her face: her tongue, her wit, ſo faire, ſo ſweet, ſo ſharpe,
Firſt bent, thē drew, now hit, mine eye, mine eare my hart
Mine eye, mine eare, my heart, to like to learne to loue,
Her face, hir tong, hir wit, doth lead, doth teach, doth moue
Her

Her face, her tong, hir wit, with beams, with ſoũd, with art,
Doth blind, doth charme, doth rule, mine eie, mine eare,
(my heart,
Mine eie, mine eare, my hart, with life, with hope, with skil
Her face, her tong. her wit, doth feed. doth feaſt, doth fill.
O face, o tong, o wit, with frowns, with checks, with ſmart
wring nor, vex not, woũd not mine eie, mine eare, my hart
This eie, this eare, this hart ſhal ioy, ſhal bind, ſhal ſweare,
Your face, your tong, your wit, to ſerue, to loue, to feare.

XLVIII. CANZONET.

An invective againſt women.

ARe women faire? I wondrous faire to ſee too,
Are women ſweet? Yea paſſing ſweet they be to:
Moſt faire and ſweete to them that inlye loue them,
Chaſt and diſcreete to all, ſaue thoſe that proue them.

Are women wiſe? Not wiſe, but they be witty,
Are women witty? Yea, the more the pitty:
They are ſo witty, and in wit ſo wily,
That be ye ne're ſo wiſe, they will beguile ye.

Are women fooles? Not fooles, but fondlings many,
Can women fond be faithfull vnto any?
When ſnow-white ſwans do run to colour ſable,
Then women fond will be both firme and ſtable.

Are women Saints ? No Saints, nor yet no diuels.
Are women good ? not good, but needfull euils.
So Angel-like, that diuels I do not doubt them,
So needfull ils, that few can liue without them.

Are women proud ? I, paſſing proud, and praiſe them.
Are women kind ? I, wondrous kind, and pleaſe them
Or ſo imperious, no man can endure them,
Or ſo kind hearted, any may procure them.

Ignoto.

XLIX. CANZONET.

This ſong was ſung before her ſacred Maieſtie at a ſhew on horſebacke, wherewith the right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland preſented her Highneſſe on May day laſt.

Of loue gift.

VVHo giues a gift to bind a friend thereby,
Doth ſet or put his gift to vſury:
And he that giues a gift that is not free,
Gives where he liſt, ſo that he giue not me.
For bought and ſold is friendſhip ſtrange,
Who liues by ſelling, liues by change.
And he that loues to change his friend,
Will turne to nothing in the end.

L. CANZONET.

The Anatomie of Loue.

NOw what is loue, I pray thee tell?
It is that fountaine and that well,
Where pleaſure and repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that ſounding bell,
That tols all in, to heauen, or hell,
And this is loue, as I heare tell.

Now what is Loue, I prethee ſay?
It is a worke on holy day,
It is December match'd with May,
When luſty bloods in freſh array,
Heare ten months after of their play:
And this is loue, as I heare ſay.

Now what is loue, I prethee faine,
It is a ſun-ſhine mixt with raine,
It is a gentle pleaſing paine,
A flower that dyes and ſprings againe,
It is in faith that would full faine,
And this is loue, and not a ſtaine.

Yet what is loue, I prethee ſay,
It is a pretty ſhaddow way,
As well found out by night as day,
It is a thing will ſoone decay:

Then take the vantage while you may,
And this is loue as I heare ſay.

Now what is loue, I prethee ſhow?
A thing that creepes and cannot goe,
A prize that paſſeth too and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe.
And he that proues ſhall find it ſo,
And this is ſome ſweet friend I trow.

In vaine I liue, ſuch ſorrow liues in me,
In vaine liues ſorrow, ſince by her I liue:
Life workes in vaine, where death will Maſter be,
Death ſtriues in vaine, where life doth vertue giue.
Thus each of vs would worke anothers woe,
And hurts himſelfe in vaine, and helpes his foe.

LI. CANZONET.

Loue the onely price of loue.

THe faireſt Pearles that Northerne Seas do breed,
For precious ſtones from Eaſterne coaſts are ſold,
Nought yeelds the earth that from exchange is freed,
Gold values all, and all things value Gold.
Where goodneſſe wants an equall change to make,
There greatneſſe ſerues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare ſo high a price,
But that with mortall thing it may be bought,

The

The corne of Sicill buyes the Weſterne ſpice,
French wine of vs, of them our cloth is ſought.
No pearles, no gold, no ſtones, no corne, no ſpice,
No cloth, no wine, of loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue which nought can counteruaile?
Nought ſaue it ſelfe, eu'n ſuch a thing is loue,
All worldly wealth in worth as farre doth faile,
As loweſt earth doth yeeld to heau'n aboue.
Diuine is loue, and ſcorneth worldly pelfe,
And can be bought with nothing, but it ſelfe.

Such is the price my louing heart would pay,
Such is the pay thy loue doth claime as due,
Thy due is loue, which I (poore I) aſſay,
In vaine aſſay to quite with friendſhip true:
True is my loue, and true ſhall euer be,
And trueſt loue is farre too baſe for thee.

Loue but thy ſelfe, and loue thy ſelfe alone,
For ſaue thy ſelfe, none can thy loue requite:
All mine thou haſt, but all as good as none,
My ſmall deſart muſt take a lower flight.
Yet if thou wilt vouchſafe my heart ſuch bliſſe,
Accept it for thy priſoner as it is.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF Paſtorals and Eliges.

Two Paſtorals made by Sir Phillip Sidney. Vpon his meeting with his two worthy Friends, and fellow Poets, Sir Edward Dier, and M. Fulke Greuill.

I. PASTORALL.

IOyne mates in mirth to me,
Grant pleaſure to our meeting:
Let Pan our good God ſee,
How gracefull is our greeting.
Ioyne hearts and hands, ſo let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Ye Hymnes and ſinging skill
Of God Apolloes giving,
Be preſt our reeds to fill,
With ſound of muſicke living.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Sweete *Orpheus* Harpe, whoſe ſound
The Rodtall mountaines moued,

Let here thy skill abound,
To ioyne ſweete friends beloued.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
A happy bleſſed Trinitie,
As three moſt ioyntly ſet,
In firmeſt band of vnity.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, *E. D. F. G. P. S.*
The number beſt beloued,
Within my heart you be
In friendſhip vnremoued.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Giue leaue your flockes to range,
Let vs the while be playing,
Within the Elmy grange,
Your flockes will not be ſtraying.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Cauſe all the mirth you can,
Since I am now come hether,
Who neuer ioy but when
I am with you together.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Like Louers doe their loue,
So ioy I, in you ſeeing:

Let nothing me remoue
From alwaies with you being.
Ioyne hands, &c.

And as the Turtle Doue
To mate with whom he liueth,
Such comfort, feruent loue
Of you to my heart giueth.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
Let them be ne'reaſunder,
But linkt in binding bands,
By metamorphoz'd wonder.
So ſhould our ſeuered bodies three,
As one for euer ioyned be.

Sir Phil. Sidney.

II. PASTORALL.

Diſpraiſe of a Courtly life.

WAlking in bright Phœbus blaze,
Where with heate oppreſt I was,
I got to a ſhady wood,
Where greene leaues did newly bud,
And of graſſe was plenty dwelling,
Deckt with pide flowers ſweetly ſmelling.

In

In this wood a man I met,
On lamenting wholly ſet:
Ruing change of wonted ſtate,
Whence he was transformed late,
Once to Shepheards God retaining.
Now in ſeruile Court remaining.

There he wandring malcontent,
Vp and downe perplexed went,
Daring not to tell to me,
Spake vnto a ſenſleſſe tree,
One amongſt the reſt electing.
Theſe ſame words, or this effecting.

My old mates I grieue to ſee,
Voyde of me in field to be,
Where we once our louely ſheepe,
Louingly like friends did keepe,
Oft each others friendſhip prouing,
Neuer ſtriuing, but in louing.

But may Loue abiding be
In poore ſhepheards baſe degree?
It belongs to ſuch alone
To whom art of Loue is knowne:
Seely ſhepheards are not witting
What in art of Loue is fitting.

Nay, what need the art to thoſe,
To whom we our loue diſcloſe?

It is to be vſed then,
When we do but flatter men:
Friendſhip true in heart aſſured,
Is by natures gifts procured.

Therefore ſhepheards wanting skill,
Can Loues duties beſt fulfill,
Since they know not how to faine,
Nor with Loue to cloake diſdaine:
Like the wiſer ſort, whoſe learning
Hides their inward will of harming.

Well was I, while vnder ſhade
Oaten Reeds me muſicke made,
Striuing with my mates in Song:
Mixing mirth our Songs among.
Greater was the ſheapheards treaſure,
Then this falſe, fine, courtly pleaſure.

Where, how many Creatures be,
So many puft in minde I ſee,
Like to *Iunoes* birds of pride,
Scarce each other can abide:
Friends like to black *Swans* apearing
Sooner theſe than thoſe in hearing.

Therefore Pan, if thou mayſt be
Made to liſten vnto me,
Grant I ſay (if feely man

May

May make treaty to God Pan,)
That I, without thy denying,
May be ſtill to thee relying.

Only for my two loues ſake, *Sir Ed. D. and M. F. G.*
In whoſe loue I pleaſure take,
Onely two do me delight
With their euer-pleaſing ſight,
Of all men to thee retaining,
Grant me with thoſe two remaining.

So ſhall I vnto thee alwayes,
With my reeds ſound mighty praiſe,
And firſt Lambe that ſhall befall,
Yearely decke thine Altar ſhall,
If it pleaſe thee to be reflected,
And I from thee not reiected.

So I left him in that place,
Taking pitie on his caſe,
Learning this among the reſt
That the meane eſtate is beſt,
Better filled with contenting
Voyd of wiſhing and repenting.

S. Ph. Sidney.

III. PASTORALL.

A Dialogue betweene two Shepheards, Thenot, *and* Piers, *in praiſe of* Aſtrea.

Then. I Sing diuine *Aſtreas* praiſe,
O Muſes helps my wits to raiſe,
And heaue my verſes higher.

Piers. Thou needs the truth but plainly tell,
Which much I doubt thou canſt not wel
Thou art ſo oft a lyer.

Then. If in my ſong no more I ſhow,
Then heauen and earth, and Sea do know,
Then truely I haue ſpoken.

Piers. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no leſſe, the like, the ſame,
Elſe lawes of truth be broken.

Then. Then ſay, ſhe is ſo good, ſo fayre,
With all the earth ſhe may compare,
Nor Momus ſelfe denying:

Piers. Compare may thinke where likeneſſe holds,
Nought like to her the earth enfolds,
I lookt to finde you lying.

Then. *Aſtrea* ſees with wiſedomes ſight,
Aſtrea workes by Vertues might,
And ioyntly both do ſtay in her.

Piers.

Piers. Nay take from them her hand, her mind,
The one is lame, the other blind.
Shall ſtill your lying ſtaine her?

Then. Soone as *Aſtrea* ſhewes her face,
Straight euery ill annoyds the place,
And euery good aboundeth

Piers. Nay long before her face doth ſhow,
The laſt doth come, the firſt doth go
How lowd this lie reſoundeth.

Then. *Aſtrea* is our chiefeſt ioy,
Our chiefeſt guard againſt annoy,
Our chiefeſt wealth, our treaſure.

Piers. Where chiefeſt are, there others be,
To vs none elſe but onely ſhe,
When wilt thou ſpeake in meaſure?

Then. *Aſtrea* may be iuſtly ſayd,
A field in flowry Roabe arrayd,
In ſeaſon freſhly ſpringing.

Piers. That ſpring indures but ſhorteſt time,
This neuer leaues *Aſtreas* clime,
Thou lyeſt, in ſtead of ſinging.

Then. As heauenly light that guides the day,
Right ſo doth ſhine each louely Ray,
That from *Aſtrea* flyeth.

Piers. Nay, darkeneſſe of that light in cloudes.
Aſtreas beames no darkneſſe ſhrowdes:
How loudly *Thenot* lyeth.

Then.

Then. *Aſtræa* rightly terme I may,
A manly Palme, a maiden bay,
Her verdure neuer dying.
Piers. Palme oft is crooked, Bay is low,
She ſtill vpright, ſtill high doth grow,
Good Then not leaue thy lying.

Then. Then Piers, of friendſhip tell me why,
My meaning true, my words ſhould lie,
And ſtriue in vaine to raiſe her?
Piers. Words from conceit to onely riſe
Aboue conceit her honour flies:
But ſilence naught can praiſe her.

Mary Counteſſe of Pembrooke.

IIII. PASTORALL.

A roundelay in inuerted Rimes, betweene the two friendly Riuals, Strephon and Klaius, in the preſence of Urania Miſtreſſe to them both.

Strephon.

O Whither ſhall I turne me,
From thine eyes light,
Whoſe ſparkling light
With quenchleſſe flames preſent, and abſent burne me?
For I burne when as view them,
And I burne when I eſchew them.

Klaius

Klaius.

Since I cannot eſchew them,
But that their light
Is in my ſight,
Both when I view them not, and when I view them:
Ere their flames will ceaſe to burne me,
From my ſelfe, my ſelfe muſt turne me.

Strephon.

When none are preſent by you,
I feele their might
And your eyes bright
Appeare more glorious, other being nigh you.
So alone, or elſe compared,
Wretch, I am by them inſnared.

Klaius.

Since that I am inſnared
By your eyes bright,
And feele their might:
Whether alone they be or elſe compared,
Whereſoeuer I am nigh you,
Loue I muſt, if I be by you.

Strephon

When you looke kindly on me,
They loue incite,
And ſpite of ſpite
I loue them likewiſe, when you frowne vpon me,
So, how ere your lookes are framed,
By your lookes I am inflamed.

Klaius

Klaius.

Since that I am inflamed,
Eu'n by their ſpite.
And they incite
Soule-warming flames when they are mildely framed,
How ſo ere you looke vpon me,
Loue I muſt if you looke on me.

Strephon.

O when ſhall I them baniſh,
Since againſt right,
No day nor night.
Though abſent from me, from me they do vaniſh?
So no reſpite time doth grant me,
But inceſſantly they haunt me.

Klaius.

Since they (alas) do haunt me
Both day and night,
And wonted right,
Obtain'd by abſence, abſence doth not grant me,
Night and day may ſooner vaniſh,
Then from me I can them baniſh.

Strephon

They, when the day doth leaue me,
Lodge in my ſpirit:
And of their ſight,
No ſight by day diſcerned can bereaue me.
So nor day ought elſe reueileth,
Nor the night the ſame concealeth.

Klaius

Klaius.

Since day, like night concealeth
Each other ſight,
And to my ſpirit
Concealing darkneſſe, them like day reuealeth.
Time of time muſt quite bereaue me,
Ere your lookes ſweet lookes, will leaue me.

Walter Daniſon.

V. PASTORALL.

Or Strephons Palinode.

Strephon, vpon ſome vnkindneſſe conceiued, hauing made ſhew to leaue Vrania, and make loue to another Nymph, was at the next ſolemne aſſembly of ſhepheards, not onely frowned vpon by Vrania, but commanded with great bitterneſſe out of her preſence: Whereupon, ſorry for his offence, and deſirous to regaine her grace, whom he neuer had forſaken, but in ſhew, vpon his knee, he in this ſong humbly craues pardon: and Vrania finding his true penitence, and vnwilling to loſe ſo worthy a ſeruant receiues him againe into greater grace and fauour then before.

SWeet, I do not pardon craue
Till I haue,
By deſires this fault amended,
This, I onely this deſire,

That your ire
May with penance be ſuſpended,

Not my will but fate did fetch
Me poore wretch,
Into this vnhappy error.
Which to plague no tyrants mind
Paine can find,
Like my hearts ſelfe guilty terror.

Then, O then! let that ſuffice
Your deare eyes
Need not, need not more afflict me,
Nor your ſweete tongue dipt in gall,
Need at all
From your preſence interdict me.

Vnto him that hell ſuſtaines.
No new paines
Need be ſought for his tormenting.
O my paines hels paines ſurpaſſe:
Yet alas!
You are ſtill new paines inuenting.

By my loue, long, firme, and true,
Borne to you,
By theſe teares my griefe expreſſing,
By this Pipe which nights and daies
ſounds your praiſe
Pittie me, my fault confeſſing.

Or

Or if I may not deſire
That your ire
May with penance be ſuſpended:
Yet let me full pardon craue,
When I haue,
With ſoone death my fault amended.

Vraniaes *anſwere in inuerted rimes,*
Staffe for Staffe.

SInce true penance hath ſuſpended
Fained ire,
More Ile grant then you deſire.
Faults confeſt are halfe amended,
And I haue,
In this halfe, all that I craue.

Therefore baniſh now the terror,
Which you find
In your guiltleſſe grieued mind.
For though you haue made an error,
From me wretch
Firſt beginning it did fetch.

Nere my ſight Ile interdict thee
More at all.
Nere ſpeake words more dipt in gall,
Nere, nere will I more afflict thee
With theſe eyes,
What is paſt, ſhall not ſuffice.

Now new ioyes Ile be inuenting,
Which (alas)
May thy paſſed Woes ſurpaſſe.
Too long thou haſt felt tormenting,
Too great paines
So great loue and faith ſuſtaines.

Let theſe eyes (by thy confeſſing,
Worthy prayſe)
Neuer ſee more nights nor dayes,
Let my woes be paſt expreſſing,
When to you
I ceaſe to be kind and true.

Thus are both our ſtates amended,
For you haue
Fuller pardon then you craue,
And my feare is quite ſuſpended,
Since mine ire
Wrought th'effect I moſt deſire.

Fra. Daniſon.

VI. PASTORALL

A Shepheard poore, Eubulus cald he was
Poore now alas, but erſt had iolly beene)

One

One pleaſant morne when as the Sunne did paſſe
The fiery hornes of raging Bull betweene,
His little flocke into a Meade did bring,
As ſoone as day-light did begin to ſpring.

Freſh was the Meade in Aprils liuery dight,
Deckt with greene Trees, bedew'd with ſiluer Brookes,
But ah! all other was the ſhepheards plight,
All other were both ſheepe and ſhepheards lookes:
For both did ſhew by their dull heauy cheare,
They tooke no pleaſure of the pleaſant yeare.

He weeping went, ay me that he ſhould weepe!
They hung their heads, as they to weepe would learne,
His heauy heart did ſend foorth ſighing deepe,
They in their bleating voyce did ſeeme to yearne.
He leane and pale, their fleece was rough and rent.
They pinde with paine, and he with dolours ſpent.

His pleaſant Pipe was broke (alas the while)
And former merriment was baniſht quite.
His ſhepheards Crooke that him vpheld ere-while,
He earſt had throwne away with great deſpite.
Tho leaning gainſt a ſhrub that him ſuſtained,
To th'earth, ſun, birds, trees, echo thus he plained.

Thou all-foorth-bringing earth, though winter chill,
With bluſtring windes blow off thy mantle greene,
And with his Snow and hoary froſtes doe ſpill,
Thy Flora-pleaſing flowers and kill them clean.

Yet when freſh ſpring returnes againe
To driue away the winters paine,
Thy froſt and ſnow
Away do goe.
Sweete Zephyres breath cold Boreas doth diſplace,
And fruitfull ſhowers.
Reuiue thy flowers,
And nought but ioy is ſeene in euery place.

But ah how long, alas how long doth laſt
My endleſſe winter without hope of Spring?
How haue my ſighs, my bluſtring ſighs defac't
The flowers and buds which erſt my ſoule did bring.
Alas the tops that did aſpire,
Lie troden now in filthy mire.
Alas! my head
Is all be ſpread
With too vntimely ſnow: and eke my heart
All ſence hath loſt,
Through hardned froſt,
Of cold deſpaire, that long hath bred my ſmart.

What though ſome riſing Torrents ouerflow
With nought-regarding ſtreames thy pleaſant greene.
And with their furious force do lay full low,
Thy drowned flowers, how euer ſweete they beene?
Soone fall thoſe flouds as ſoone as they roſe,
(For fury ſoone his force doth loſe,
And then full eath
Apolloes breath,

The cold,yet drying North-winde,ſo doth warme,
That by and by
Thy meades be dry,
And grow more fruitfull by their former harme.

O would the teares that Torrent-like do flow,
A downe my hollow cheekes with reſtleſſe force,
Would once (O that they could once)calmer grow,
Would like to thine,once ceaſe their ceaſles courſe.
Thine laſt not long,mine ſtill endure:
Thine cold,and ſo thy wealth procure:
No mine are ſtill.
And ſo do kill
Both flower and roote,with moſt vnkindly dew:
What ſunne or winde
Away can find,
The roote once dead,the flowers to renew?

Thou,though the ſcorchingh eate of Summers Sunne,
(While ill-breath'd Dog the raging Lyon chaſeth)
Thy peckled flowers do make of colour dun,
And pride of all thy greeny hayre detaceth:
And in thy moyſture wanting ſide,
Deepe wounds do make and gaſhes wide:
Yet as they weat,
By Phœbus heate,
To turne to wholeſome drynetſe is procured.
So Phœbus heate
By South-winds weate
Is ſoone aſſwaged,and all thy wounds recured.

Such heate as Phæbus hath me almoſt ſlaine.
As Phæbus heate? ah no, farre worſe then his.
It is Aſtreas burning-hot diſdaine
That parched hath the roote of all my bliſſe:
That hath (alas) my youth defaced,
That in my face deep wounds hath placed
Ah that no heat
Can dry the weat
The flowing weate of my ſtill weeping eyes!
Ah that no weate
Can quench the heate,
The burning heate within my heart that lies!

Thou doſt, poore wretch, beare many a bitter ſtound,
While greedy ſwaines forgetting former neede,
With crooked plowes thy tender backe do wound,
With harrowes biting teeth do make thee bleede,
But earth (ſo may thoſe greedy ſwaynes
With piteous eye behold thy paines);
O earth, tell me,
When thou doſt ſee,
Thy fruitfull backe with golden eares beſet,
Doth not that ioy
Kill all annoy,
And make thee all thy former wounds forget?

And I, if once my tired heart might gaine
The harueſt faire that to my faith is due:
If once I might Aſtreas grace regaine:
If once her heart would on my ſorrowes rue,

Alas,

Alas, I could theſe plaints forgoe,
And quite forget my former woe.
But (O ! to ſpeake
My heart doth breake)
For all my ſeruice, faith, and patient mind,
A crop of griefe,
Without reliefe,
A crop of ſcorne, and of contempt I finde.

Soone as the Shepheards ſtarre abroad doth wend,
(Nights harbinger) to ſhut in bright ſome day:
And gloomy night, on whom blacke clouds attend,
Doth Tyrant-like through sky vſurpe the ſway.
Thou art (poore earth) of ſunne depriued
Whoſe beames to thee all ioy deriued.
But when Aurore
Doth ope her dore,
Her purple doore to let in Phœbus waine,
The night giues place
Vnto his race,
And then with ioy the Sunne returnes againe.

O would my Sunne would once returne againe !
Returne and driue away th'infernall night,
In which I dye, ſince ſhe did firſt refraine
Her heauenly beames which were mine onely light.
In her alone all my light ſhin'd,
And ſince ſhe ſhin'd not, I am blind.
Alas, on all,
Her beames do fall.

Saue

Saue wretched me, whom ſhe doth them deny.
And bleſſed day
She giues alway,
To all, but me, who ſtill in darkeneſſe lie.

In mourneful darkneſſe I alone do lie,
And wiſh, but ſcarcely hope, bright day to ſee,
For hop'd ſo long, and wiſh't ſo long haue I,
As hopes and wiſhes both abandon mee.
My night hath laſted fifteene yeares.
And yet no glimpſe of day appeares.
O doe not let,
Him that hath ſet
His ioy, his light, his life in your ſweete grace,
Be vnrelieu'd,
And quite depriu'd
Of your deare ſight, which may this night diſplace.

Phœbus, although with fiery hooſed ſteedes,
Thou daylie doe the ſleepy Welkin beate,
And from this painefull taske art neuer freede,
But dailye bound to lend the world thy heate:
Though thou in fierie chariot ride,
And burning heate thereof abide,
Yet ſoone as night
Doth dim the light,
And hale her ſable Cloake through vaulted skie,
Thy iourne's ceaſt,
And thou doeſt reſt,
In cooling waues of Thetis ſouerayntie.

Thrice

Thrice happy Sun whoſe paines are eas'd by night,
O hapleſſe I, whoſe woes laſt night and day.
My paines by day doe make me wiſh for night,
My woes by night, doe make me cry for day.
By day I turmoile vp and downe,
By night in ſeas of teares I drowne:
O painefull plight!
O wretched night,
Which neuer finds a morne of ioyfull light:
O ſad decay,
O wretched day,
That neuer feeles the eaſe of ſilent night!

Ye chirping Birds, whoſe notes might ioy my mind.
(If to my mind one drop of ioy could ſinke)
Who erſt through Winters rage were almoſt pinde,
And kept through barren froſt from meate or drinke,
A bleſſed change ye now haue ſeene,
That changed hath your wofull teene,
By day you ſing.
*A*nd make to ring
The neighbour groues with Eccho of your ſong,
In ſilent night,
Full cloſely dight,
You ſoundly ſleepe the buſhes greene among.

But I, who erſt (ah wofull word to ſay)
Enioy'd the pleaſant ſpring of her ſweete grace,
And then could ſing and dance and ſport and play:
Since her fierce anger did my ſpring diſplace:

My

My nightly reſt haue turn'd to detriment,
To plaints hath turn'd my wonted merriment.
The Songs I ſing
While day doth ſpring,
Are bootleſſe plaints till I can plaine no more.
The reſt I taſt,
While night doth laſt,
Is broken ſighes, till they my heart make ſore.

Thou flower of the field that erſt didſt fade,
And nipt with Northerne cold didſt hang the head:
And trees whoſe bared bowes haue loſt their ſhade,
Whoſe withered leaues by weſterne blaſts were ſhed,
Ye'gin to bud and ſpring againe,
Winter is gone that did you ſtraine.
But I that late
With vpright gate,
Bare vp my head, while happy fauour laſted:
Now old am growne
Now ouerthrowne,
With woe, with griefe, with wailing now am waſted.

Your ſpringing ſtalke with kindly ioyce doth ſprout,
My fainting legs doe waſt and fall away:
Your ſtretched armes are clad with leaues about,
My griefe-conſumed armes doe faſt decay.
You gin againe your tops lift vp;
I downe to earth-ward gin to ſtoope.
Each bowe and twig
Doth waxe ſo big.

That

That ſcarce the rinde is able it to hide:
I doe ſo faint,
And pine with plaint,
That ſlops and hoſe, and Galage wax too wide.

Eccho, how well may ſhe that makes me mone,
By thy example learne to rue my paine?
Thou hearſt, my plaints when as I waile alone,
And wailing accents anſwereſt againe.
When as my breaſt through griefe I beate,
That wofull ſound thou doſt repeate,
When as I ſob,
And heartly throb,
A dolefull ſobbing ſound againe thou ſendeſt:
And when I weepe,
And ſigh full deepe,
A weepy, ſighing voyce againe thou lendeſt.

But ah! how oft haue my ſad plaints aſſaide,
To pierce her eares, deafe onely vnto me?
How oft my woes in mournefull inke arraide,
Haue tride to make her eyes my griefes to ſee?
And you my ſighes and teares, how often
Haue ye ſought her hard heart to ſoften?
And yet her eye,
Doth ſtill deny,
For all my woes one bitter teare to ſhed:
And yet her heart
Will not impart,
One hearty ſigh for griefe her ſelfe hath bred.

Nor

Nor I, alas, do wiſh that her faire eyes,
Her bleſſed-making eyes ſhould ſhed a teare,
Nor that one ſigh from her deare breſt ſhould riſe,
For all the paines, the woes, the wrongs I beare.
First let this weight oppreſſe me ſtill,
Ere ſhe through me taſte any ill.
Ah if I might
But gaine her ſight,
And ſhew her ere I dye, my wretched caſe:
O then ſhould I,
Contented die:
But ah I dye, and hope not ſo much grace.

With that his fainting legs to ſhrinke begun,
And let him ſinke with gaſtly looke to ground
And there he lay as though his life were done,
Till that his Dog, ſeeing that woofull ſtound
With pitteous howling, kiſſing, and with ſcraping,
Brought him againe from that ſweete ſowre eſcaping.

Then gan his teares ſo ſwiftly for to flow,
As forſt his eie-lids for to giue them way,
Then bluſtring ſighs too boyſtrouſly gan blow,
And his weake lips could not his furie ſtay,
And inward griefe withall ſo hugely ſwel'd,
As teares, ſighs, griefe had ſoone all words expeld.

At laſt when flouds of teares began to ceaſe,
And ſtormes of weary ſighs more calme to blow

As

As he went on with words his griefe to eaſe.
And remnant of his broken plaint to ſhew:
He ſpide the skye ore-ſpred with nightly cloude,
So home he went, his flock and him to ſhrowde.

Enbulus his Emblewe.

Vri mihi Pergama Reſtant.

F.D.

VII. PASTORALL.

Eglogue intituled Cuddy.

1

A Little Heard-groome (for he was no bett)
When courſe of yeare return'd the pleaſant ſpring,
At breake of day without-en further lett
Caſt with himſelfe his flock a field to bring,
And for they had ſo long beene pent with paine.
At ſight of Sun they ſeem'd to liue againe.

2

Such was the flocke all bent to breuſe and play,
But nothing ſuch their maſter was to ſee.
Downe hung his drouping head like rainy day,
His cheekes with teares like ſprings bedewed be.
His wringed hands ſuch ſilent mone did make,
Well may you gueſſe he was with loue y'take.

The

The while his flocke went feeding on the greene,
And wantonly for ioy of Summer plaide,
All in deſpight as if he n'ould be ſeene,
He caſt himſelfe to ground full ill appaide. (plaine,
Should ſeeme their pleaſance made him more com-
For ioy in ſight not felt, is double paine.

4

Vnhappy boy why liu'ſt thou ſtill, quoth he,
And haſt thy deadly wound ſo long agoe?
What hope of after hap ſuſtaineth thee?
As if there might be found ſome eaſe of woe.
Nay better dye ten thouſand times then liue.
Since euery houre new cauſe of death doth giue.

5

The ioyfull Sunne, whom cloudy winters ſpight,
Had ſhut from vs in watry fiſhes haske,
Returnes againe to lend the world his light,
And red as roſe begins his yearely taske.
His fiery ſteedes the ſteepy welkin beate,
And both the hornes of climing bull doe heate.

6

But ah! no Sunne of grace appeares to me,
Cloſe hid ſhe lies, from who n I ſhould haue light,
The cloudes of blacke diſdaine ſo foggy be,
That blind I lye (poore boy) bereft of ſight:
And yet I ſee the Sunne I ſeeke to find,
And yet the more I ſee, the more am blind.

7

Thrice happy ground, whom ſpoyld with winters rage,
The heat of pleaſant ſpring renewes againe:

Vnhappy

Vnhappy I, who in my ſpring of age,
The froſt of cold deſpaire hath wel-nigh ſlaine.
How ſhall I bide your ſtormy winters ſmart,
When ſpring it ſelfe hath frorne my bloodleſſe heart?

8

I ſee the beauty of thy flowers renew,
Thy mantle greene with ſundry colours ſpred,
Thou ſeeſt in me a change of former hew,
Paleneſſe for white, blackneſſe for liuely red.
What hope of harueſt fruit, or Summer flowers, (ers?
Since that my ſpring is drownd with teares like ſhow-

9

And laſt of all, but lieu'ſt of all to me,
Thou leany flocke, that didſt of late lament,
And witneſſe waſt for ſhepheards all to ſee,
(Thy knees ſo weak, thy fleece ſo rough & rent)
That thou with paine didſt pine away vnfed,
All for thy maſter was with loue miſled.

10

Now 'ginſt as earſt forget thy former ſtate,
And range amid the buskes thy ſelfe to feed,
Faire fall thee little flocke, both rathe and late,
(Was neuer Louers ſheep, that well did ſpeed)
Thou free, I bound, thou glad, I pine in paine,
I ſtriue to die, and thou to liue full faine.

11

Woe worth the ſtund, wherein I tooke delight,
To frame the ſhifting of my nimble feete,
To cheerefull ſound of Pipe in Moone-ſhine night,
Such pleaſance paſt at erſt does gar me greet.

I ween'd by night haue ſhun'd the parching ray,
But night it ſelfe was twice more hot then day.

12

Then firſt of all (and all too ſoone for me)
I ſaw thilke Laſſe, yea more then ſaw her too,
Her Chriſtall eyes more bright then Moone to ſee,
Her eyes, her eyes, through which I am vndoo.
On them I gaz'd, then ſaw I to my coſt,
Through too much ſight mine onely ſight is loſt.

13

Where beene the dapper ditties that I dight,
And Roundelaies, and Virelaies ſo foot?
Whilome with Collins ſelfe compare I might,
For other ſwaine, to ſtriue was little boot,
Such skill I had in making all aboue
But all too little skill to conquer loue.

14

What helps it me to haue my piping praiz'd
Of all ſaue her, whom onely I would pleaſe?
Nought care I though my fame to ſky be raiz'd
For pleaſant ſong that brings my heart no eaſe.
Wherefore both Pipe and ſong I all forſweare,
And former pleaſance vtterly forbeare.

15

With that he caſt his looke to Welkin high,
And ſaw the doubled ſhadowes flit away:
And as he glanſt halfe in deſpight awry,
He ſpide the Shepheards ſtarre ſhut in the day:
Then roſe, and homeward with his flocke him went,
Whoſe voyce did helpe their maſters caſe lament.

VIII. PA-

VIII. PASTORALL.

Made long ſince vpon the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

Thenot. Perin.

PERIN, arred what new miſchance betide,
Hath reft thee of thy wonted meriment?
Faire feeds thy flock this pleaſant ſpring beſide,
Nor loue, I weene, hath made thee diſcontent,
Sild age and loue, doe meete in one conſent.

Perin.

Ah Thenot, where the Ioy of heart doth faile,
What marualle there, if mirth and muſicke quaile?
See how the flowers of the field do ſpring,
The purple Roſe, the Lilly white as ſnow,
With ſmell and colour for an harueſt King,
May ſerue to make vs young againe, I trow:
Yet all this pride is quickly laid full low.
Soone as the roote is nipt with northerne cold,
What ſmell, or beauty, can we then behold?

Thenot.

As good not heare, as heard, not vnderſtand,
My dorrell braines through eld beene all too dull,
Sike miſter meaning nill by me be feand,
All as my face, ſo wrinkled is my ſkull,
Then ſay me Perin, by the hope of Wull,

And by thine Ewes blowne bags, and bagpipes ſound,
So not one Aneling in thy flocke be found.

Perin.

Ah Thenot, by thine all-derliefeſt Laſſe,
Or whatſoeuer is more deere to thee:
No bagpipe name, let ſong and ſolace paſſe,
Death hath vndone my flock, my pipe, and me,
Dead is the ſheeps delight, the ſhepheards glee,
Broke is my pipe, and I my ſelfe forlorne
My ſheepe vnfed, their fleeces rent and torne.

Thenot.

I mickle mus'd ſuch vncoth change to ſee,
My flocks refus'd to feede, yet hale they were:
The tender Birds ſate drouping on the tree,
The careleſſe Lambs went wandring heere and there.
My ſelfe vnknowne a part of griefe did beare,
Ne wiſt I why yet heauy was my heart,
Vntimely death was cauſe of all this ſmart
Vp Perin, vp, aduance my mournefull layes,
Sound loud thy pipe, but ſound it dolefull wiſe.

Perin.

Who elſe but Thenot can the Muſes raiſe,
And teach them ſing and dance in mournefull guiſe
My fingers ſtiffe, my voyce doth horſely riſe.

Thenot.

Ah where is Collin and his paſſing skill?
For him it fits our ſorrow to fulfill.

Perin.

T'way ſore extreames for Collin preſſe ſo neere,
(Alas that ſuch extreames ſhould preſſe him ſo)
The want of wealth and loſſe of loue ſo deere,
Scarſe can he breath from vnder heapes of woe,
He that beares heauen, beares no ſuch weight I trow.

Thenot.

Hath he ſuch skill in making all aboue,
And hath no skill to get, or Wealth or Loue?

Perin.

Praiſe is the greateſt priſe that Poets gaine,
A ſimple gaine that feedes them ne're a whit.
The wanton Laſſe for whom he bare ſuch paine,
Like running water loues to change and flit.
But if thou liſt to heare a ſorry fit,
Which Cuddy could in dolefull verſe endite,
Blow thou thy pipe while I the ſame recite.

Thenot.

Gin when thou liſt, all be my skill but ſmall,
My forward mind ſhall make amends for all.

Perin.

Ye Nimphs that bath your bodies in this ſpring:
Your tender bodies white as driuen ſnow:
Ye virgins chaſt which in this groue doe ſing,
Which neither griefe of Loue nor death do know:
So may your ſtreames run cleere for aye,
So may your trees giue ſhade alway.

Depart a ſpace,
And giue me place,
To waile with griefe my reſtleſſe woe along,
For feare my cryes
Conſtraine your eyes
To ſhed forth teares, and help lament my mone.

And thou, my Muſe, that whilome wont to eaſe,
Thy Maſters mind with layes of ſweete delight,
Now change thoſe tunes, no ioy my heart can pleaſe:
Gone is the day, come is the darkſome night,
Our Sunne cloſe hid in clouds doth lie,
We liue indeed, but liuing die:
No light we ſee,
Yet wander wee,
We wander farre and neare without a guide:
And all aſtray,
VVe looſe our way,
For in this world 'tis ſuch a Sunne beſide.

Ye ſhepheards boyes that lead your flocks a field
The whilſt your ſheep feed ſafely round about,
Breake me your Pipes that pleaſant ſound did yeeld,
Sing now no more the ſongs of Colin Clout.
Lament the end of all our ioy,
Lament the ſource of all annoy.
VVilley is dead,
That wont to lead
Our flockes and vs in mirth and ſhepheards glee:

VVell

VVell could he ſing,
VVell dance, and ſpring,
Of all the ſhepheards was none ſuch as hee.

How often hath his skill in pleaſant ſong,
Drawne all the water-nymphs from out their bowers?
How haue they laine the tender graſſe along,
And made him Garlands gay of ſmelling flowers.
Phœbus himſelfe that conquer'd Pan,
Striuing with VVilly, nothing wan.
Me thinkes I ſee
The time when hee
Pluckt from his golden lockes his Lawrell Crowne,
And ſo to raiſe,
Our Willies praiſe,
Bedeckt his head, and ſoftly ſet him downe.

The learned Muſes flocke to heare his skill,
And quite forgot their water, wood, and mount,
They thought his ſongs were done too quickly ſtill,
Of none but VVillies pipe they made account.
He ſong, they ſeem'd in ioy to flow,
He ceaſt, they ſeem'd to weepe for woe,
The rurall rout,
All round about,
Like Bees came ſwarming thicke, to heare him ſing.
Ne could they thinke,
On meate or drinke,
VVhile VVillies muſicke in their eares did ring.

But now (alas) ſuch pleaſant mirth is paſt,
Apollo weepes, the Muſes rend their haire.
No ioy on earth that any time can laſt,
See where his breathles corps lies on the beare.
That ſelfeſame hand that reft his life,
Hath turn'd ſhepheards peace to ſtrife.
Our ioy is fled
Our life is dead,
Our hope, our helpe, our glory all is gone:
Our Poets praiſe
Our happy dayes,
And nothing left but griefe, to thinke thereon

What Thames, what Seuerne, or what weſterne Seas,
Shall giue me flouds of trickling teares to ſhed?
What comfort can my reſtleſſe griefe appeaſe,
O that mine eyes were fountaines in my head!
Ah Collin! I lament thy eaſe,
For thee remaines no hope of grace.
The beſt reliefe
Of Poets griefe:
Is dead, and wrapt full cold in filthy clay,
And nought remaines
To eaſe our paines,
But hope of death to rid vs hence away.

Phillis, thine is the griefe, aboue the reſt,
Where bin thy ſweeteſt Poſies featly dight,
Thy Garlands with a true-loues knot addreſt,
And all that eſt thou Willie didſt behight?

Thy

Thy labour all is loſt in vaine
The griefe wherof ſhal aye remaine
The ſun ſo bright,
That falls to night,
To morrow from the Eaſt againe ſhall riſe,
But we decay,
And waſt away,
Without returne, alas our Willie dies.

See how the drooping flocks refuſe to feede,
The riuers ſtreame with teares aboue the bankes:
The trees do ſhed their leaues, to waile agreed,
The Beaſts vnfed goe mourning all in rankes,
The ſunne denies the earth his light
The ſpring is kil'd with winters might:
The flowers ſpill,
The Birds are ſtill,
No voyce of ioy is heard in any place.
The Medowes greene,
A chang haue ſeene,
And *Flora* hides her pale disfigured face

Watch now ye ſhepheards Boyes with waking eye
And looſe your time of ſleepe to learne to ſing.
Vnhappy skill, what good is got thereby
But painted praiſe that can no profit bring?
If skill could moue the ſiſters three,
Our willie ſtill aliue ſhould be.
The wolfe ſo wood
Amazed ſtood,

At ſound of Willies pipe, and left his prey:
Both pipe and Skill
The ſilters ſpill,
So worſe then any wicked Wolfe are they.

O flattring hope of mortall mens delight,
So faire in outward ſhew, ſo foule within!
The deepeſt ſtreames do flow full calme to ſight,
The rauening Wolues do iet in Weathers skin.
We deem'd our Willy aye ſhould liue,
So ſweete a ſound his Pipe could giue:
But cruell death
Hath ſtopt his breath:
Dumbe lies his Pipe that wont ſo ſweete to ſound:
Our flocks lament
His life is ſpent,
And careleſſe wander all the woods a round.

Come ye Shepheards daughters, come no more,
To heare the ſongs that Cuddy wont to ſing:
Hoarſe is my Muſe, my throat with crying ſore,
Theſe woods with eccho of my griefe do ring.
Your Willies life was Cuddies ioy,
Your Willies death hath kild the boy:
Broke lies my Pipe
Till reedes be ripe
To make a new one, but a worſe I feare:
Saue yeare by yeare,
To waile my Deare,
All Pipe and ſong I vtterly forſweare.

The.

Thenot.

Alack and weladay may ſhepheards cry
Our Willy dead, our Collin kild with care:
Who ſhall not loath to liue, and long to die?
And will not griefe our little Cuddy ſpare,
But muſt he too of ſorrow haue a ſhare?
Aye how his ruefull verſe hath prickt my heart!
How feelingly hath he expreſt our ſmart.

Perin.

Ah Thenot hadſt thou ſeene his ſorry looke,
His wringed hands, his eyes to heauen vpkeſt,
His teares that ſtreem'd like water in the brooke,
His ſighs that made his rimes ſeeme rudely dreſt.
To teares thou wouldſt haue melted with the reſt.
But hie we homeward, night approacheth neare,
And rainy clouds in ſoutherne skyes appeare.

A. W.

IX. PASTORALL

Shepheard. Heardman.

COme gentle heardman, ſit by me
And tune thy Pipe by mine
Heere vnderneath this Willow tree,
To ſhield the hot Sun ſhine,
where I haue made my ſumer bower,
For proofe of Summers beames,
And decke it vp with many a flower,
Sweet ſeated by the ſtreames.

Where

Where gentle Daphne once a day,
These flowry bankes doth walke
And in her boſome beares away
The pride of many a ſtalke.
But leaues the humble heart behind,
That ſhould her garland dight:
And ſhe ſweet ſoule the more vnkind
To ſet true loues ſo light,
But whereas others beare the Bell,
As in her fauour bleſt:
Her ſhepheard loueth her as well,
As thoſe whom ſhe loues beſt.

Heard-man.

ALas poore Paſtor, I finde,
Thy loue is lodg'd ſo high,
That on thy flock thou haſt no mind
But feedſt a wanton eye.
If dainty Daphnes lookes beſot
Thy doating hearts deſire,
Be ſure, that farre aboue thy lot,
Thy liking doth aſpire.
To loue ſo ſweet a Nymph as ſhe,
And looke for loue againe:
Is fortune fitting high degree,
Not for a ſhepheards ſwaine.
For ſhe of Lordly lad's beſoyd,
And ſought of great eſtates,
Her fauour ſcornes to be enioyd

By vs poore lowly Mates.
Wherefore I warne thee to be wiſe,
Go with me to my walke,
Where lowly Laſſes be not nice,
There like and chuſe thy Make.
Wher are no pearles nor gold to view
No pride of ſilken ſight,
But peticoats of Scarlet hew,
Which vaile the skin ſnow white.
There trueſt Laſſes been to get
For loue and little coſt:
There ſweete deſire is paid his det,
And labour ſeldome loſt.

Shepheard. (loud

NO heardman, no, thou rau'ſt too
Our trade ſo vile to hold
My weed as great a heart doth ſhroud
As his thats clad in gold.
And take the truth that I thee tell,
This ſong faire Daphne ſings
That Cupid will be ſeru'd as well,
Of Shepheards as of Kings.
For proofe wherof, old bookes record,
That Venus Queene of loue,
Would ſet aſide her warlike Lord,
And youthfull Paſtors proue.
How Paris was as well belou'd,
A ſimple ſhepheards Boy,
As after when as he was prou'd,
King Priams ſonne of Troy.

And therefore haue I better hope,
As had thoſe Lads of y'ore,
My courage takes as large a ſcope,
Although their haps were more.
And for thou ſhalt not deeme I ieſt,
And beare a mind more baſe,
No meaner hope ſhal haunt my breſt,
Then deareſt Daphnes grace.
My mind no other thought retaines,
Mine eye nought elſe admires,
My heart no other paſſion ſtraines,
Nor other hap deſires.
My muſe of nothing elſe intreates,
My Pipe nought elſe can ſound,
My veines no other feauer heates,
Such faith's in ſhepheards found.

Heardman.

AH ſhepheard then, I ſee with griefe
thy care is paſt all cure,
No remedy for thy reliefe,
But patiently endure.
Thy wonted liberty is fled,
Fond fancy breeds thy bane,
Thy ſenſe of folly brought a bed,
Thy wits in thy wane.
I can but ſorrow for thy ſake,
Since loue lulls thee aſleepe,

And

And whilſt out of thy dreame thou wake,
God ſhield thy ſtraying ſheep.
Thy wretched flock may rue and curſe,
This proud deſire of thine,
Whoſe wofull ſtate from bad to worſe
Thy careleſſe eye will pine.
And euen as they, thy ſelfe likewiſe
With them ſhall weare and waſte,
To ſee the ſpring before thine eyes,
Thou thirſty canſt not taſt.
Content thee therefore with conceit,
Where others gaine the grace,
And thinke thy fortune at the height,
To ſee but Daphnes face.
Although thy truth deſerued well,
Reward aboue the reſt,
Thy haps ſhall be but meanes to tell
How other men are bleſt.
So gentle ſhepheard farewell now,
Be warned by my reed,
For I ſee written in thy brow,
Thy heart for loue doth bleede.
Yet longer with thee would I ſtay,
If ought would doe thee good,
But nothing can the heate allay,
Where loue enflames the blood.

Skep:

Shepheard.

THen Heardmã ſince it is my lot,
And my good liking ſuch,
Striue not to breake the faithful knot,
that thinks no paine too much,
For what contents my Dapinnes beſt
I neuer will deſpiſe:
So ſhe but wiſh my ſoule good reſt
When death ſhall cloſe mine eyes.
Then Heardman farewel once again,
For now the day is fled:
So might thy cares, poore ſhepheards Swaine,
Flye from thy carefull head.

X. PASTORALL.

The beginning and end of this Eglogue are wanting.

Concerning old Age.

Perin.

FOr when thou art not as thou wont of yo're,
No cauſe why life ſhould pleaſe thee any more.
Whilome I was (in courſe of former yeeres,
Ere freezing Eld had coold my youthfull rage)
Of mickle worth among my ſhepheards peeres.
Now for I am ſo ne-dele'yſept in age,

For

For pleaſance, ſtrength, and beauty gins alſwae.
Each little heard-groome laughs my wrinckled face,
Each bonny laſſe for Cuddy ſhuns the place:
For all this woe none can me iuſtly twight.
But hatefull Eld the foe to pleaſant reſt,
Which like a thiefe doth rob vs of delight.

Wrenocke.

Perin enough, few words be alwayes beſt.
Needs muſt be borne that cannot be redreſt.
Selfe am I as thou ſeeſt in thilke eſtate,
The griefe is eath to beare that haz a mate:
But ſicker for to ſpeake the truh indeede,
Thou ſeemſt to blame, that blameleſſe ſeemes to me.
And hurtleſſe Eld to ſneb (ill mought he ſpeed,
That ſlaies the Dog, for Wolues ſo wicked be)
The faults of men thou laiſt on age I ſee,
For which if Eld were in it ſelfe to blame,
Then I and all my Peeres ſhould taſte the ſame.

Perin.

Wrenock, I weene thou doat'ſt through ruſty Eld,
And think'ſt with fained words to bleere mine eye,
Thou for thy ſtore art euer bleſſefull held,
Thy heapes of gold, nill let thee ſorrow ſpie,
Thy flocks full ſafe heere vnder ſhade do lie,
Thy weanelings fat, thine ewes with bladder blowne:
A iollier ſhepheard haue we ſeldome knowne,

Wrenocke.

For thilke my ſtore, great Pan y'herried be:
But if for thee, mine age with ioy I beare,
How falls it that thy ſelfe vnlike to me,
Art vexed ſo with griefe and bootleſſe feare?
Thy ſtore will let thee ſleepe on either eare.
But neither want makes age to wiſemen hard,
Nor fooles by wealth from grieuous paines are bar'd.

Perin.

Seeſt not how free yond' Lambkin skips and playes:
And wags his taile, and buts with tender head:
All for he feeles the heate of youngthly dayes,
Which ſecret law of kind hath inly bred?
Thilke Ewe from whom all ioy with youth is fled,
See how it hangs the head, as it would weepe,
Whilome it skipt, vneaths now may it creepe.

Wrenocke.

No fellowſhip hath ſtate of beaſts with man,
In them is nought but ſtrength of lim and bone,
Which ends with age, as it with age began.
But man they ſay'ne (as other creature none)
Hath vncouth fire conuai'd from heauen by one,
(His name I wiſt) that yeelds him inward light,
Like fire as Welkin ſhewes in winter night.

Which

Which neither age nor time can weare away,
Which waxeth bett' for vſe, as Shepheards crooke,
That euer ſhineth brighter day by day:
Alſo though wrinckled ſeemes the aged looke,
Bright ſhines the fire that from the ſtars we tooke.
And ſooth to ſay, thilke Ewe laments the paine,
That thilke ſame wanton Lambe is like ſuſtaine.

Perin.

Ah Thenot be not all thy teeth on edge,
To ſee yong this folke to ſport in paſtimes gay?
To pitch the Barre, to throw the weighty ſledge,
To dance with Phillis all the holy-day,
To hunt by day the Foxe, by night the Gray?
Sike peereleſſe pleaſures wont vs for to queame,
Now lig we laid, as drown'd in heauy dreame.

The end of the Paſtorals.

Of Elegies.

I. ELEGIE.

He renounceth his food, and former delight in Muſicke, Poeſie and painting.

SItting at boord, ſometimes prepar'd to eate,
If't hap my mind on theſe my woes to thinke,
Sighs fill my mouth inſtead of pleaſant meate,
And teares do moyſt my lips in lieu of drinke:
But yet, nor ſighs, nor teares that run amaine,
Can either ſtarue my thoughts, or quench my paine.

Another time with carefull thought o're-tane,
I thought theſe thoughts with muſicks might to chaſe:
But as I gan to ſet my notes in frame,
A ſudden paſſion did my mind diſplace.
In ſtead of Reſts, ſighs from my heart did riſe,
In ſtead of Notes, deepe ſobs, and mournefull cries.

Then, when I ſaw, that theſe my thoughts increaſ'd,
And that my thoughts vnto my woes gaue fire,
I hop't both thoughts and woes might be releaſ'de,
If to the Muſes I did me retire:
Whoſe ſweet delights were wont to eaſe my woe,
But now (alas) they could do nothing ſo.

For trying oft (alas) yet ſtill in vaine,
To make ſome pleaſant numbers to ariſe,

And beating oft my dullen weary braine,
In hope ſome ſweete conceit for to deuiſe:
Out of my mouth no words but grones would come,
Out of my pen no inke but teares would runne.

Of all my old delights yet one was left,
Painting alone to eaſe my mind remain'd:
By which, when as I lookt to be bereft
Of theſe heart vexing woes that ſtill me ſtrain'd,
From forth mine eyes the bloud for colour came,
And teares withall to temper ſo the ſame.

Adieu my foode that wontſt my ſoule to pleaſe,
Adieu my ſongs that bred my eares delight,
Adieu ſweete Muſe that oft my mind didſt eaſe,
Painting adieu, that oft refreſht my ſight,
Since neither taſte, nor eares, nor ſight, nor mind,
In your delights can ought ſaue ſorrow find.

II. ELEGIE.

For what cauſe he obtaines his Ladies fauour.

DEeare, why hath my long loue and faith vnfained,
At your faire hands no grace at all obtained?

I'll, that my Pock-hol'd face doth beauty lack?
No· Your ſweete Sex, ſweete beauty praiſeth:
Ours. wit and valour chiefely raiſeth.
I'll that my musk-letſe clothes are pl ine and blacke?

No. What wiſe Lady loues fine noddies,
With poore clad minds, and rich clad bodies?
Iſt, that no coſtly gifts mine Agents are?
No. My true Heart, which I preſent you,
Should more then pearle or gold content you.
Iſt, that my verſes want inuention rare?
No. I was neuer skilfull Poet,
I truely loue, and plainely ſhew it.
Iſt, that I vaunt, or am effeminate,
O ſcornefull vices I abhor you.
Dwell ſtill in court the place fit for you.
Iſt, that you feare my loue ſoone turnes to hate?
No. Though diſdain'd, I can hate neuer,
But lou'd, where once I loue, loue euer.
Iſt, that your fauours iealous eyes ſuppreſſe?
No. only vertue neuer ſleeping,
Both your faire minds and bodies keeping.
Iſt, that to many more I loue profeſſe?
Goddeſſe, you haue my hearts oblation.
And no Saint elſe lips inuocation.

No, none of theſe, the cauſe I now diſcouer:
No woman loues a faithfull worthy Louer.

III. ELEGIE.

To his Lady who had vowed virginity.

EV'n as my hand my Pen and paper layes,
My trembling hand, my Pen from Paper ſtayes,
Leaſt that thine eyes which ſhining made me loue you,
Should frowning on my ſute bid ceaſe to moue you,
So that I feare like one at his wits end,
Hoping to gaine, and fearing to offend,
What pleaſeth hope, the ſame deſpaire miſlikes,
What hope ſets downe, thoſe lines deſpaire out ſtrikes,
So that my nurſing murthering Pen affords,
A graue and cradle to my new borne words.
But whilſt as clouds toſt vp and downe the aire,
I racked hang t'wixt hope and ſad diſpaire,
Deſpaire is beaten, vanquiſht from the field,
And vnto conqu'ring hope my heart doth yeeld.
For if that Nature loue to beauty offers,
And Beauty ſhunne the loue that nature proffers:
Then, either vniuſt beauty is to blame,
With ſcorne to quench a lawfull kindled flame.
Or elſe vnlawfully if loue we muſt,
And be vnlou'd then nature is vniuſt.
Vniuſtly then nature hath hearts created,
There to loue moſt, where moſt their loue is hated,
And flattring them with a faire ſeeming ill,
To poyſon them with beauties ſugred Pill.
Thinke you that beauties admirable worth
Was to no end, or idle end brought forth?

No no from nature neuer decede did paſſe,
But it with wiſedomes hand ſubſcribed was.
But you in vaine are faire, if faire, not viewed,
Or being ſeene, mens hearts be not ſubdued,
Or making each mans heart your beauties thra',
You be enioyé'd of no one at all,
For as the Lyons ſtrength to ſeaze his pray,
And fearefull hearts light-foote to runne away,
Are as an idle talent but abuſed,
And fruitleſſe had, if had, they be not vſed:
So you in vaine haue beauties bonds to ſhew,
By which, mens eyes engaged hearts do owe,
If time ſhall cancell them before you gaine
Th'indebted tribute to your beauties raine.

But if (theſe reaſons being vainely ſpent)
You fight it out to the laſt argument,
Tell me but how one body can encloſe,
As louing friends two deadly hating foes?
But when as contraries are mixt together,
The colour made, doth differ much from either.
Whilſt mutually at ſtrife they doe impeach
The glaſſe and luſtre proper vnto each.
So, where one body ioyntly do inueſt
An Angels face, and cruell Tigers breſt,
There dieth both allegeance and command,
For ſelfe deuided Kingdomes cannot ſtand.
But as a child that knowes not what is what,
Now craueth this, and now affecteth thar,

And

And hauing weighs not that which he requires,
But is vnpleaſde, euen in his pleaſde deſires.
Chaſte beauty ſo, both will, and will not haue
The ſelfe-ſame thing it childiſhly doth craue:
And wanton-like, now loue, now hate affecteth,
And loue or hate obtain'd as faſt neglecteth,
So (like the web Penelope did weaue,
Which made by day, ſhe did at night bereaue)
Fruitleſſe affections, endleſſe threed is ſpunne,
At one ſelfe inſtant twiſted, and vndone.
Nor yet is this chaſte beauties greateſt ill,
For where it ſpeaketh faire, it there doth kill.
A marble heart vnder an amorous looke,
Is of a flattering baite the murthering hooke:
For from a Ladies ſhining-frowning eyes,
Deaths ſable dart, and Cupids arrow flyes:
Since then, from Chaſtity and Beauty ſpring,
Such muddy ſtreames, where each doth reigne as King:
Let tyrant chaſtities vſurped throne,
Be made the ſeate of beauties grace alone:
And let your beauty be with this ſuffic'd,
Raze not my heart, nor to your beauty raiſe,
Blood-guilded Trophees of your beauties praiſe:
For wiſeſt Conquerors doe townes deſire,
On honorable termes, and not with fire.

IIII. ELEGIE.

IIII. ELEGIE.

Her praiſe is in her want.

Shee onely is the pride of natures skill:
In none but her, all graces friendlie meete.
In all ſaue her, may Cupid haue his will,
By none but her is fancy vnder feete.
Moſt ſtrange of all her praiſe is in her want,
Her heart that ſhould be fleſh, is Adamant.

Laudo quod iuges.

V. ELEGIE.

Of a womans heart.

O Faithleſſe world, and thy moſt faithleſſe part,
A womans heart:
The true ſhop of variety, where ſits,
Nothing but fits,
And feauers of deſire, and pangs of loue,
Which toyes remoue,
Why was ſhe borne to pleaſe, or I to truſt
Words writ in duſt?
Suffring her eyes to gouerne my deſpaire,
My paine for aire,
And fruit of time rewarded with vntruth,
The foode of youth

Vn-

Vntrue ſhe was, yet I beleeu'd her eyes,
Inſtructed ſpies,
Till I was taught that loue was but a ſchoole,
To breede a foole.
Or ſought ſhe more then triumphs of deniall,
To ſee a tryall,
How far her ſmiles cómanded my weaknes:
yeeld and confeſſe.
Excuſe not now thy folly, nor her nature:
Bluſh and endure
Aſwel thy ſhames, paſſions that were vaine
And thinke thy gaine,
To know that loue lodg'd in a womans breſt
Is but a gueſt.

VI. ELEGIE.

Lones Embaſie in an Iambicke Elegie.

VNhappy verſe! the witneſſe of vnhappy ſtate,
Make thy ſelf fluttring wings of thy faſt flying thought
And flye forth vnto my loue whereſoeuer ſhe be.

Whether lying reſtleſſe in heauy bed, or elſe
Sitting ſo cheereleſſe at the cheerefull boord or elſe
Playing alone careleſſe on her heauenly Virginals.

I

If in bed, tell her that mine eyes can take no reſt:
If at boord, tell her that my mouth can taſte no food,
If at her Virginals, tell her I can heare no mirth.

Asked why, ſay waking Loue ſuffereth no ſleepe:
Say that raging Loue doth appall the weake ſtomacke:
Say that lamenting loue marreth the Muſicall.

Tell her, that her pleaſures were wont to lull me aſleepe,
Tell her, that her beauty was wont to feed mine eyes:
Tell her, that her ſweet tong was wont to make me mirth.

Now do I nightly waſte, wanting my kindly reſt:
Now do I daily ſtarue, wanting my liuely food:
Now do I alwaies die, wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waſte, who will bewaile my heauy chance?
And if I ſtarue, who will record my curſed end?
And if I die, who will ſay, this was Immerito:

Edmund Spencer.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF Madrigals and Odes.

I. MADRIGALL.

THough you be not content
That I (poore worme) ſhould loue you,
As Cupids power, and your ſweete beauty cauſe me,
Yet (deere) let pitty moue you
To giue me your conſent.
To loue my life, as law of nature drawes me,
And if my life I loue, then muſt I too
Loue your ſweete ſelfe, for my life liues in you.

II. MADRIGALL.

Borrowedout of a Greeke Epigram.

HEe's rich enough whoſe eyes behold thee,
Who heares thee ſing a Monarch is
A Demy-God who doth thee kiſſe,
And loue himſelfe whoſe armes infold thee.

III. MA-

III. MADRIGALL.

Vpon her dreaming that ſhe ſaw him dead.

O Faire, yet murdring eyes,
Starres of my miſeries,
Who while night clouds your beames,
How much you wiſh my death ſhew in your dreames:
Is't not enough that waking you do ſpill me,
But you aſleepe muſt kill me?
O kill me ſtill while you your ſleepe are taking,
So you lend me kind lookes when you are waking.

The ſound of thy ſweet name, my deareſt treaſure,
Delights me more then ſight of other faces,
A glimpſe of thy ſweete face breedes me more pleaſure,
Then any others kindeſt words and graces.

One gracious word that from thy lips proceedeth,
I value more then others Douę-like kiſſes:
And thy chaſt kiſſe in my conceit exceedeth,
Others embraces and loues chiefeſt bliſſes.

IIII. MADRIGALL.

Vpon his departure.

SVre (Deere) I loue you not, for he that loueth,
When he from her doth part

That's

That's Miſtreſſe of his heart,
A deadly paine a helliſh torment prooueth.
But when ſad Fates did ſeuer
Me farre from ſeeing you I would ſee euer,
I felt in my abſenting
No paine nor no tormenting.
For ſence of paine how could he find,
That left his heart and ſoule behind?

V. MADRIGALL.

To Cupid.

LOue if a God thou art,
Then euermore thou muſt,
Be mercifull and iuſt.
If thou be iuſt, O wherefore doth thy Dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Ladies heart?

If mercifull, then why
Am I to paine reſeru'd,
Who haue thee truely ſeru'd:
While ſhe that by thy power ſets not a flye,
Laughs thee to ſcorne, and liues at liberty.

Then, if a God thou wilt accounted be,
Heale me like her, or elſe wound her like me.

VI. MADRIGALL.

Upon his Miſtreſſe ſickneſſe, and his owne health.

IN health and eaſe am I,
Yet, as I ſenſeleſſe were, it nought contents me.
You ſicke in paine doe lie,
And (ah) your paine exceedingly torments me.
Whereof, I can this onely reaſon giue,
That dead vnto my ſelfe, in you I liue.

VII. MADRIGALL.

He begs a kiſſe.

SOrrow ſlowly killeth any,
So daine ioy ſoone murthers many.
Then (ſweete) if you would end me,
Tis a fond courſe with lingring griefe to ſpend me.
For, quickly to diſpatch me,
Your onely way is, in your armes to catch me,
And giue me doue-like kiſſes,
For ſuch exceſſiue and vnlookt-for bliſſes,
Will ſo much ouer-ioy me,
As they will ſtraight deſtroy me.

VIII. MADRIGALL.

Vpon a kiſſe receiued.

SInce I your cherry lips did kiſſe,
Where Nectar and Ambroſia is,
My hungry maw no meate requires:
My thirſty throate no drinke deſires.
For by your breath which then I gained,
Camelion-like my life's maintained.

O grant me then thoſe cherries ſtill,
And let me feed on them my fill.
If by a ſurfeit death I get,
Vpon my tombe let this be ſet:
By cherries twaine his life he cheriſht,
By cherries twaine at length he periſht.

IX. MADRIGALL.

Alluſion to the confuſion of Babell.

THE wretched life I liue
In my weake ſences ſuch confuſion maketh
That like the accurſed rabble,
That built the Towre of Bable.
My wit miſtaketh,
And vnto nothing a right name doth giue.

I terme her my deere loue, that deadly hates me,
My chiefeſt good, her that's my chiefeſt euill,
Her Saint and Goddeſſe, who's a Witch, a Deuill:
Her my ſole hope, that with deſpaire amates me.
My Balme I call her, that with poyſon fils me,
And her I terme my life, that dailie kils me.

X. MADRIGALL.

To her hand, vpon her giuing him her gloue.

O Hand of all hands liuing,
The ſofteſt, moyſteſt, whiteſt:
More skil'd then Phœbus on a Lute in running:
More then Minerua, with a Needle cunning:
Then Mercury more wily,
In ſtealing hearts moſt ſlily.

Since thou deere hand, in theft ſo much delighteſt,
Why fall'ſt thou now a giuing?
Ay me! thy gifts are thefts, and with ſtrange Art,
In giuing me thy Gloue, thou ſteal'ſt my Hart.

XI. MADRIGALL.

Cupid proued a Fencer.

AH Cupid I miſtooke thee,
I for an Archer, and no Fencer tooke thee.

But as a Fencer oft faines blowes and thruſts,
Where he intends no harme:
Then turnes his balefull arme,
And wounds that part which leaſt his foe miſtruſts.
So thou with fencing art,
Fayning to wound mine eyes, haſt hit my hart.

XII. MADRIGALL.

He compares himſelfe to a Candle flye.

LIke to the ſeely flye,
To the deere light I flye
Of your diſdainefull eyes,
But in a diuerſe wiſe
She with the flame doth play,
By night alone; and I both night and day.
She to a candle runnes:
I to a light, farre brighter then the Sunnes.
She neere at hand is fired:
I both neere hand, and farre away retyred.
She fondly thinkes, nor dead, nor burnt to be,
But I my burning and my death foreſee.

XIIII. MADRIGALL.

Anſweres to her queſtion, what Loue was.

IF I behold your Eyes,
Loue is a Paradice:

But if I view my hart,
Tis an infernal ſmart.

XIIII. MADRIGALL.

Vpon his timerous ſilence in her preſence.

Are louers full of fire?
How comes it then my verſes are ſo cold?
And how when I am nigh her,
And fit occaſion wils me to be bold.
The more I burne, the more I do deſire,
The leſſe I dare require?
Ah loue this is thy wondrous art,
To freeze the tongue, and fire the heart.

XV. MADRIGALL.

Vpon her long abſence.

IF this moſt wretched and moſt infernall anguiſh,
Wherein ſo long your abſence makes me languiſh,
My vitall ſpirits ſpending,
Do not worke out my ending,
Nor yet your long-expected ſafe returning,
To heau'nly ioy my helliſh torments turning,
With ioy ſo ouer-fill me,
As preſently it kill me:

I will conclude, hows'euer ſchooles deceiue a man,
No Ioy, nor Sorrow, can of life bereaue a man.

XVI. MADRIGALL.

Vpon her hiding her face from him.

Goe wayling Accents go,
With my warme teares and ſcalding teares attended,
T th'author of my woe,
And humbly aske her, why ſhe is offended.
Say Deere, why hide you ſo,
From him your bleſſed Eyes,
Where he beholds his earthly Paradiſe,
Since he hides not from you
His heart wherein loues heauen you may view?

XVII. MADRIGALL.

Vpon her beauty and Inconſtancy.

VVHoſoeuer longs to try,
Both loue and Iealouſie,
My faire vnconſtant Lady let him ſee:
And he will ſoone a iealous louer be.
Then he by proofe ſhall know,
As I do to my woe:
How they make my poore heart at once to dwell,
In fire and froſt, in heauen and in hell.

XVIII. MADRIGALL.

THine eyes ſo bright
Bereſt my ſight,
When firſt I viewed thy face,
So now my light
Is turn'd to night,
I ſtray from place to place.
Then guide me of thy kindneſſe,
So ſhall I bleſſe my blindneſſe.

XIX. MADRIGALL.

Verball loue.

IF loue be made of words, as woods of trees,
Who more belou'd then I?
If loue be hot where true deſire doth freeze,
Who more then ſhe doth fry?
Are droanes that make no hony counted Bees?
Is running water dry?
Is that a gainefull trade that has no fees?
He liue, that dead doth lye,
What elſe but blinde is he, that nothing ſees,
But deafe that heares no cry,
Such is her vowed loue to me,
Yet muſt I thinke it true to be.

XX. MADRIGALL.

In praiſe of two.

FAuſtina hath the fairer face,
And Phillida the better grace,
Both haue mine eye enriched.
This ſings full ſweetly with her voyce,
Her fingers make as ſweet a noyſe,
Both haue mine eare bewitched:
Ay me! ſith Fates haue ſo prouided,
My heart (alas) muſt be diuided.

XXI. MADRIGALL.

To his Ladies garden, being abſent farre from her.

GArden more then Eden bleſſed,
Art thou thus to haue thy bowers,
Free'd from winter, and ſtill dreſſed,
With her faces beau'n-ſet flowers?

Happy too are thoſe thy allies,
Where her faire feet deigne to tred,
Which departing earths low vallies,
Shall to the milky way be led.

Thy trees whoſe armes her embraced,
And whoſe fruit her lips do kiſſe,

In whoſe vertuous mind well placed
The rare tree of knoweldge is,

Happy are, ſo thy birds be.
Whom ſhe taught to ſing by art,
Who in heauenly harmony
With the Angels beares a part.

Happy, bleſt, and fortunate,
Bowers, Allies, Trees, and Birds,
But my moſt vnhappy ſtate,
Farre ſurmounts all reach of words.

XXII. MADRIGALL.

The True loues knot.

LOue is the linke, the knot the band of vnity
And all that loue, do loue with their belou'd to be:
Loue only did decree,
To change his kind in me.
For though I lou'd with all the powers of my mind,
And through my reſtles thoghts, their reſt in her did find,
Yet are my hopes declin'd,
Sith ſhe is moſt vnkind.
For ſince her beauties Sun my fruitleſſe hope did breede,
By abſence from that Sun I hop't to ſterue that weede.
Though abſence did indeed
My hopes not ſterue, but feede,

For

For when I ſhift my place, like to the ſtricken Deere,
I cannot ſhift the ſhaft which in my ſide I beare:
By me it reſteth there
The cauſe is not elſe where
So haue I ſeene the ſick to runne and turne againe,
As if that outward change, could eaſe his inward paine:
But ſtill alas in vaine,
The fit doth ſtill remaine.
Yet goodnes is the ſpring from whence this ill doth grow
For goodnes cauſ'd the loue, which great reſpect did owe
Reſpect true loue did ſhow,
True loue thus wrought my woe.

XXIII. MADIGALL.

MY loue in her attire doth ſhew her wit,
It doth ſo well become her:
For euery ſeaſon ſhe hath dreſſings fit:
For winter ſpring and ſummer,
No beauty ſhe doth miſſe,
When all her Robes are on,
But beauties ſelfe ſhe is,
When all her Robes are gone.

The end of the Madrigalls.

Of Odes.

I. ODE.

That only her beauty and voyce pleaſe him.

1

PAſſions may my iudgement bleare,
Therefore ſure I will not ſweare,
That others are not pleaſing:
But I ſpeake it to my paine,
And my life ſhall it mainetaine,
None elſe yeelds my heart eaſing.

2

Ladies I do thinke there be,
Other-ſome as faire as ſhe,
Though none haue fairer features:
But my turtle-like affection,
Since of her I made Election,
Scornes other faireſt creatures.

3

Surely I will not deny,
But ſome others reach as high
With their ſweete warbling voices:
But ſince her notes charm'd mine eare,
Euen the ſweeteſt tunes I heare,
To me ſeeme rude harſh noyſes.

II. ODE.

Vpon her proteſtation of kind affection, hauing tryed his ſincere fidelitie.

1

LAdy, you are with beauties ſo enriched,
Of body and of minde,
As I can hardly find,
Which of thē all hath moſt my heart bewitched

2

Whether your skin ſo white, ſo ſmooth ſo tender,
Or face well form'd and faire,
Or heart enſnared haire.
Or dainty hand, or legge, and foote ſo ſlender.

3

Or whether your ſharpe wit and liuely ſpirit,
Where Pride can find no place:
Or your enchanting grace,
Or ſpeech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

4

Moſt louely all, and each of them do moue me,
More then words can expreſſe
But yet I muſt confeſſe,
I loue you moſt, becauſe you pleaſe to loue me.

His

III. ODE.

His reſtleſſe eſtate.

YOur preſence breeds my anguiſh,
Your abſence makes me languiſh:
Your ſight with woe doth fill me,
And want of your ſweete ſight alas doth kill me.

If thoſe deare eyes that burne me,
With milde aſpect you turne me,
For life my weake heart panteth:
If frowningly, my ſpirit and life bloud fainteth.

If you ſpeake kindly to me,
Alas kind words vndoe me:
Yet ſilence doth diſlike me,
And one vnkind ill word ſtarke dead would ſtrike me,

Thus, ſunne nor ſhade doth eaſe me,
Nor ſpeech, nor ſilence pleaſe me:
Fauours and frownes annoy me.
Both want and pleaſure equally deſtroy me.

IIII. ODE.

Being by his abſence in Italy *deprived of her lookes, words, and geſtures, he deſireth her to write vnto him.*

MY only ſtarre
Why, why are your deare eyes,

Where

Where all my lifes peace lies,
With me at warre?
Why to my ruine tending,
Do they ſtill lighten woe,
On him that loues you ſo,

2

Hope of my heart,
O whereof do the words
Which your ſweete tongue affords,
No hope impart?
But cruell without meaſure,
To my eternall paine,
Still thunder forth diſdaine,
On him whoſe life depends vpon your pleaſure.

3

Sunſhine of ioy,
Why do your geſtures, which
All eyes and hearts bewitch,
My bliſſe deſtroy?
And pitties skye ore-clouding
Of hate an endleſſe ſhowre
On that poore heart ſtill powre,
Which in your boſome ſeekes this only ſhrowding?

4

Blame of my wound,
Why are your lines, whoſe ſight,
Should cure me with delight,
My poſon found,

Which

Which through my veines diſperſing,
Make my poore heart and mind
And all my ſences find
A liuing death in torments paſt rehearſing.

5

Alas my fate
Hath of your eyes bereau'd me,
Which both kil'd and reuiu'd me,
And ſweetned hate:
Your ſweete voyce, and ſweete graces,
Which cloath'd in louely weeds
Your cruell words and deeds
Are intercepted by farre diſtant places.

6

But O the Anguiſh
Which preſence ſtill preſented,
Abſence hath not abſented,
Nor made to languiſh.
No, no, t'encreaſe my paining,
The cauſe being (ah) removed.
For which th'effect I loued,
Th'effect is ſtill in greateſt force remaining.

7

O cruell Tyger,
If to your hard hearts center,
Teares, vowes, and Prayers may enter,
Deſiſt your rigour:

And

And let kind lines aſſure me
(Since to my deadly wound
No ſalue elſe can be found)
That you that kil me, yet at length wil cure me

V. ODE.

His farewell to his vnkind and vnconſtant Miſtris.

SWeete, if you like and loue me ſtill,
And yeeld me loue for my good will,
And do not from your promiſe ſtart,
When your faire hand gaue me your heart,
If deere to you I be,
As you are deere to me:
Then yours I am, and will be euer,
Nor time nor place my loue ſhall ſeuer.
But faithfull ſtill I will perſeuer,
Like conſtant Marble ſtone,
Louing but you alone.
But if you fauour moe then me.

(Who loue thee deare, and none but thee)
I: others do the Harueſt gaine,
That's due to me for all my paine:
If you delight to range,
And oft to chop and change:

Then

Then get you ſome new fangled Mate.
My doating loue ſhall turne to hate,
Eſteeming you (though too too late)
Not worth a pebble ſtone,
Louing not me alone.

VI. ODE.

A Preſopopaia, Wherein his heart ſpeakes to his ſecond Ladies breſt.

I Dare not in my Maſters boſome reſt,
That flaming *Ætna* would to aſhes burne me:
Nor dare I harbour in his miſtreſſe breſt.
The froſty Climate into Ice would turne me,
So, both from her and him I do retire me,
Leaſt th'one ſhould freeze me, and th'other fire me.

Wing'd with true loue, I flye to this ſweete breſt,
Whoſe ſnow I hope will coole, but t'ice not turne me,
Where fire and ſnow, I truſt ſo tempred reſt,
As gentle heate will warme, and yet not burne me,
But (O deare breſt) from thee Ile ne're retire me,
Whether thou coole, or warme, or freeze, or fire me.

Vpon

VIII. ODE.

Upon her giuing him backe the Paper wherein the former Song was written, as though it had beene an answere thereunto.

LAdy of matchleſſe beauty,
When into your ſweete boſome I deliuered
A paper, with wan lookes, and hand that quiuered
Twixt hope, feare, loue, and duty:
Thought you it nothing elſe contain'd,
But written words in Rime reſtrain'd?
O then your thought abuſed was,
My hart cloſe wrapt therein, into your breaſt refuſed was.

When you that Scroule reſtor'd me,
With gratefull words, kind grace, and ſmiling merily,
My breaſt did ſwell with ioy, ſuppoſing verily,
You, answere did afford me.
But finding onely that I writ,
I hop't to find my Hart in it:
But you my hope abuſed had,
And poyſon of deſpaire in ſtead thereof infuſed had.

Why, why did you torment me,
With giuing backe my humble Rymes ſo hatefully?
You ſhould haue kept both heart and paper gratefully?
Or both you ſhould haue ſent me.
Hope you my Heart thence to remoue
By ſcorning me, my Lines, my Loue?

No, no, your hope abuſed is,
Too deepe to be remou'd, it in your breſt infuſed is.

O ſhall I hide or tell it:
Deere with ſo ſpotleſſe, zealous, firme Affection,
I loue your beauty, vertue, and perfection,
As nothing can expell it.
Scorne ſtill my Rimes, my Loue deſpight,
Pull out my Heart, yea kill me quite:
Yet will your hate abuſed be,
For in my very ſoule, your loue and lookes infuſed be.

VIII. ODE.

Commendation of her beautie, ſtature, behauiour and wit.

SOme there are as faire to ſee too:
But by Art, and not by Nature.
Some as tall and goodly be too:
But want beauty to their ſtature.

Some haue gracious kind behauiour,
But are ſoule, or ſimple creatures:
Some haue wit, but want ſweete fauour,
Or are proud of their good features.
Onely you and you want pitty,
Are moſt faire, tall, kind, and witty.

IX. ODE.

That all other Creatures haue their abiding in heauen, hell, earth, ayre, water or fire, but he in all of them.

IN heau'n the bleſſed Angels haue their being,
In hell the fiends appointed to damnation,
To men and beaſts earth yeelds firme habitation:
The wing'd Muſitians in the ayre are fleeing.
With finnes the people gliding,
Of water haue the enioying.
In fire (all elſe deſtroying.)
The Salamander findes a ſtrange abiding:
But I poore wretch, ſince I did firſt aſpire,
To loue your beauty, beauties all excelling,
Haue my ſtrange diuerſe dwelling,
In heau'n, hell earth, water, ayre, and Fier.
Mine eare while you do ſing, in Heau'n remaineth:
My mind in hell, through hope and feares contention.
Earth holds my droſſie wit and dull inuention.
Th'ill food of ayrie ſighes my life ſuſtaineth.
To ſtreames of teares ſtill flowing,
My weeping eyes are turned,
My conſtant heart is burned
In quenchleſſe fire within my boſome glowing.
O foole, no more, no more ſo high aſpire:
In heau'n is no beauty more excelling,
In hell no ſuch pride dwelling,
Nor heart ſo hard in earth, ayre, water, fire.

X. ODE.

His Lady to be condemned of ignorance or cruelty.

AS ſhe is faire, ſo faithfull I,
My ſeruice ſhe, her grace I merit,
Her beauty doth my loue inherit,
But grace ſhe doth denie.
O knowes ſhe not how much I loue?
Or doth knowledge in her moue
No ſmall remorce?
For the guilt thereof muſt lie
Vpon one of theſe of force,
Her ignorance, or cruelty.

As ſhe is faire, ſo cruell ſhe,
I ſerue true loue, but reape diſdaining,
Her pleaſure ſpringeth from my paining,
Which pities ſource ſhould be.
Too well ſhe knowes how much I loue,
Yet doth knowledge in her moue,
No ſmall remorce.
Then the guilt thereof muſt lie
Her vndeſerued cruelty.

As ſhe is faire, ſo were ſhe kinde:
Or being cruell, could I wauer,
Soone ſhould I, either win her fauer,
Or a new Miſtreſſe finde.

But neither out alas may be,
Scorne in her, and loue in me,
So fixed are.
Yet in whom moſt blame doth lie
Iudge ſhe may, if ſhe compare
My loue vnto her cruelty.

XI. ODE.

A Dialogue betweene him and his heart.

AT her faire hands, how haue I grace intreated,
With prayers oft repeated,
Yet ſtill my loue is thwarted:
Heart let her goe, for ſheele not be conuerted.
Say, ſhall ſhe goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
She is moſt faire though ſhe be marble hearted.

How often haue my ſighes declar'd mine anguiſh?
Wherein is daily anguiſh,
Yet doth ſhe ſtill procure it:
Heart let her goe, for I cannot endure it.
Say, ſhall ſhe go?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
She gaue the wound, and ſhe alone muſt cure it.

The trickling teares that downe my cheeks haue flowed,
My life haue often ſhewed,

Yet ſtill vnkind I proue her:
Heart let her goe, for nought I doe can moue her.
Say, ſhall ſhe goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Though me ſhe hates I cannot chuſe but loue her.

But ſhall ſtill a true affection owe her,
Which prayers, ſighes, teares do ſhew her,
And ſhall ſhe ſtill diſdaine me?
Heart let her go, if they no grace can giue me.
Say, ſhall ſhe goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
She made me hers, and hers ſhe will retaine me.

But if the loue that hath, and ſtill doth burne me,
No loue at length returne me:
Out of my thoughts ile ſet her:
Heart let her goe, oh heart, I pray thee let her:
Say, ſhall ſhe go?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Fixt in the heart, how can the heart forget her?

But if I weepe and ſigh, and often waile me,
Till teares, ſighes, praiers faile me,
Shall yet my loue perſeuer?
Heart let her go, if ſhe will right thee neuer.
Say, ſhall ſhe goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Teares, ſighes, praiers faile, but true loue laſteth euer.

XII. ODE.

Where his Lady keepes his heart.

SWeet Loue, mine onely treaſure
For ſeruice long vnfained,
Wherein I nought haue gained,
Vouchſafe this little pleaſure,
To tell me in what part,
My Lady keepes my hart.

If in her haire ſo ſlender,
Like golden nets vntwined,
Which fire and art haue fined,
Her thrall my heart I render,
For euer to abide
With locks ſo dainty tide.

If in her eyes ſhe binde it,
Wherein that fire was framed,
By which it is inflamed,
I dare not looke to finde it:
I onely wiſh it ſight,
To ſee that pleaſant light.

But if her breaſt haue dained
With kindneſſe to receiue it,
I am content to leaue it,
Though death thereby were gained.

Then Lady take your owne,
That liues for you alone.

XIII. ODE.

The more fauour he obtaines, the more he deſires.

AS ſoone may water wipe me dry,
And fire my heate allay,
As you with fauour of your eye,
Make hot deſire decay.
The more I haue,
The more I craue:
The more I craue, the more deſire,
As piles of wood encreaſe the fire.

The ſenſeleſſe ſtone that from on hie
Deſcends to earth below,
With greater haſt it ſelfe doth ply,
The leſſe it hath to goe.
So feeles deſire
Encreaſe of fire,
That ſtill with greater force doth burne,
Till all into it ſelfe it turne.

The greater fauour you beſtow,
The ſweeter my delight:
And by delight deſire doth grow,

And

And growing gathers might,
The leſſe remaines,
The more my paines,
To ſee my ſelfe ſo neere the brinke,
And yet my fill I cannot drinke.

XIIII. ODE.

Deſire and hope.

DEſire aud Hope haue mou'd my minde,
To ſeeke for that I cannot finde,
Aſſured faith in woman-kinde,
And loue with loue rewarded:
Selfe-loue, all but himſelfe diſdaines,
Suſpect as chiefeſt vertue raignes,
Deſire of change vnchang'd remaines,
So light is loue regarded.

True friendſhip is a naked name,
That idle braines in paſtime frame,
Extreames are alwaies worthy blame,
Enough is common kindneſſe.

What flouds of teares do louers ſpend?
What ſighes from out their hearts they ſend?
How many may, and will not mend?
Loue is a wilfull blindneſſe.
What is the loue they ſo deſire?

Like loue for loue, and equall fire:
Good louing wormes, which loue require,
And know not when they haue it.
Is loue in words? faire words may faine.
Is loue in lookes? ſweet lookes are vaine,
Both theſe in common kindneſſe raigne,
Yet few or none ſo craue it.

Thou wouldſt be lou'd, and that of one,
For vice? thou maiſt ſeeke loue of none,
For vertue? why of her alone?
I ſay no more, ſpeake you that know the truth,
If ſo great loue be ought, but of youth.

XV. ODE.

Vpon viſiting his Lady by Moone-light.

THe night ſay all, was made to reſt,
And ſo ſay I, but not for all:
To them the darkeſt nights are beſt,
Which giue them leaue aſleepe to fall.
But I that ſeeke my reſt by light
Hate ſleepe, and praiſe the cleereſt night.

Bright was the Moone, as bright as day,
And Venus gliſtred in the Weſt,
Whoſe light did leade the readie way,
That brought me to my wiſhed reſt:

Then

Then each of them encreaſt their light,
While I enioyn'd her heauenly ſight.

Say, gentle Dames, who mou'd your mind
To ſhine ſo bright aboue your wont:
Would Phœbe faire Endimion finde?
Would Venus ſee Adonis hunt?
No, no, you feared by her ſight,
To loſe the praiſe of beauty bright.

At laſt, for ſhame you ſhrunke away,
And thought to reaue the world of light:
Then ſhone my dame with brighter ray,
Then that which comes from Phœbus ſight:
None other light but hers I praiſe,
Whoſe nights are clearer then the daies.

XVI. ODE.

Petition to haue her leaue to die.

WHen will the fountaine of my teares be dry?
When will my ſighes be ſpent?
When will deſire agree to let me die:
When will my heart relent:
It is not for my life I pleade,
Since death the way to reſt doth leade,
But ſtay for thy conſent,
Leaſt thou be diſcontent.

For if my ſelfe without thy leaue I kill,
My Ghoſt will neuer reſt:
So hath it ſworne to worke thine onely will,
And holds that euer beſt.
For ſince it onely liues by thee,
Good reaſon thou the ruler be:
Then giue me leaue to dye,
And ſhew thy power thereby.

XVII. ODE.

The kind Louers complaint in finding nothing but folly for his faithfulneſſe.

IF my decay be your encreaſe,
If my diſtreſſe be your delight,
If warre in me procure you peace,
If wrong to me, to you be right.
I would decay, diſtreſſe, warre, wrong,
Might end the life that ends ſo long.

Yet if by my decay you grow,
When I am ſpent your growth is paſt:
If from my griefe your ioy doe flow,
When my griefe ends, your ioy flies faſt:
Then for your ſake, though to my paine,
I ſtriue to liue, to die full faine.

For if I die, my warre muſt ceaſe,
Then can I ſuffer wrong no more:

My

My warre once done, farewell your peace,
My wrong, your right doth ſtill reſtore:
Thus, for your right I ſuffer wrong,
And for your peace, my warre prolong.

But ſince nothing can long indure,
That ſometime hath not needfull reſt,
What can my life your ioy aſſure,
If ſtill I waile with griefe oppreſt?
The ſtrongeſt ſtomacke faints at laſt,
For want of eaſe and due repaſt.

My reſtleſſe ſighes breake out ſo faſt,
That time to breath they quite deny:
Mine eies ſo many teares haue caſt,
That now the ſprings themſelues are dry.
Then grant ſome little eaſe from paine,
Vntill the ſpring be full againe.

The Gyant whom the Vulture gnawes,
Vntill his heart be growne, hath peace:
And Siſyphus by helliſh lawes,
Whilſt that the ſtone roules downe, doth ceaſe:
But all in vaine I ſtriue for reſt,
Which breeds more ſorrow in my breſt.

Let my decay be your encreaſe,
Let my diſtreſſe be your delight:
Let warre in me procure your peace,
Let wrong in me to you be right:

Thus

That by my griefe your ioy may liue,
Vouchſafe ſome little reſt to giue.

XVIII. ODE.

Vnhappy eyes.

CLoſe your lids, vnhappy eyes,
From the ſight of ſuch a change:
Loue hath learned to deſpiſe,
Selfe-conceit hath made him ſtrange:
Inward now his ſight he turneth,
With himſelfe in loue he burneth.

If abroad he beauty ſpy,
As by chance he lookes abroad,
Or it is wrought by his eye,
Or forc'd out by Painters fraud:
Saue himſelfe none faire, he deemeth,
That himſelfe too much eſteemeth.

Coy diſdaine hath kindneſſe place,
Kindneſſe forc'd to hide his head:
True deſire is counted baſe,
Hope with hope is hardly fed:
Loue is thought a fury needleſſe,
He that hath it, ſhall dye ſpeedleſſe.

Then mine eyes why gaze you ſo:
Beauty ſcornes the teares you ſhed,

Death

Death you ſeeke to end my woe,
O that you of death were ſped:
But with loue hath death conſpired,
To kill none whom loue hath fired.

XIX. ODE.

Diſdaine at variance with deſire.

DIſdaine that ſo doth fill me,
Hath ſurely ſworne to kill me,
And I muſt die,
Deſire that ſtill doth burne me,
To life againe will turne me,
And liue muſt I.
O kill me then diſdaine!
That I may liue againe.

Thy lookes are life vnto me,
And yet thoſe lookes vndoe me,
O death and life!
Thy ſmile ſome reſt doth ſhew me,
Thy frowne with warre o'rethrow me,
O peace and ſtrife!
Nor life nor death is either,
Then giue me both, or neither.

Life onely cannot pleaſe me,
Death onely cannot eaſe me,

Change

Change is delight.
I liue that death may kill me,
I dye that life may fill me,
Both day and night.
If once deſpaire decay,
Deſire will weare away.

XX. ODE.

Cupids Marriage with diſſimulation.

A New-found match is made of late,
Blind Cupid needs will change his wife,
New-fangled Loue doth Pſyche hate.
With whom ſo long he led his life.
Diſſembling, ſhe
The bride muſt be,
To pleaſe his wanton eye,
Pſyche laments
That loue repents,
His choice without cauſe why.

Cytheron ſounds with muſicke ſtrange,
Vnknowne vnto the Virgins nine:
From flat to ſharpe the Tune doth range,
Too baſe, becauſe it is too fine.
See how the bride
Puft vp with pride,

Can

Can mince it paſſing well:
She trips on toe,
Full faire to ſhow,
Within doth poyſon dwell.

Now wantou Loue at laſt is ſped,
Diſſembling is his onely ioy,
Bare truth from Venus Court is fled,
Diſſembling pleaſures hides annoy.
It were in vaine,
To talke of paine,
The wedding yet doth laſt,
But paine is neare,
And will appeare,
With a diſſembling caſt.

Deſpaire and hope are ioyn'd in one,
And paine with pleaſure linked ſure,
Not one of theſe can come alone,
No certaine hope, no pleaſure pure.
Thus ſowre and ſweete
In loue doe meete,
Diſſembling likes it ſo,
Of ſweete ſmall ſtore,
Of ſowre the more,
Loue is a pleaſant woe.

Amor & mellis & fellis.

XXI. ODE.

Diſpraiſe of Loue, and Louers follyes.

IF loue be life, I long to dye,
Liue they that liſt for me:
And he that gaines the moſt thereby,
A foole, at leaſt ſhall be.
But he that feeles the foreſt fits,
Scapes with no leſſe then loſſe of wits,
Vnhappy life they gaine,
Which loue do entertaine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
By lying dreames in night,
Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
Each ſmile a falſe delight.
If hap their Lady pleaſant ſeeme,
It is for others loue they deeme:
If voide ſhe ſeeme of ioy,
Diſdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that louers finde,
Such is the life they leade,
Blowne here and there with euery winde,
Like flowers in the meade.
Now war, now peace, now war againe,
Deſire, deſpaire, delight, diſdaine,

Though

Though dead in midſt of life,
In peace, and yet at ſtrife.

In amore hæc inſunt mala.

XXII. ODE.

To his Muſe.

REſt, good my Muſe, and giue me leaue to reſt,
We ſtriue in vaine.
Conceale thy skill within thy ſacred breaſt,
Though to thy paine.
The honour great which Poets wont to haue,
With worthy deeds is buried deepe in graue.
Each man will hide his name,
Thereby to hide his ſhame,
And ſilence is the praiſe their vertues craue.

To praiſe, is flattery, malice to diſpraiſe,
Hard is the choyce,
What cauſe is left for thee, my Muſe, to raiſe
Thy heau'nly voyce?
Delight thy ſelfe on ſweete Pernaſſus hill,
And for a better time reſerue thy skill,
There let thy ſiluer ſound,
From Cyrrha wood rebound,
And all the vale with learned Muſicke fill.

Then ſhall thoſe fooles that now preferre each rime,
Before thy skill,
With hand and foote in vaine aſſay to clime
Thy ſacred hill.
There ſhalt thou ſit and ſcorne them with diſdaine,
To ſee their fruitleſſe labour all in vaine:
But they ſhall fret with ſpight,
To ſee thy glory bright,
And know themſelues thereto cannot attaine.

XXIII. ODE.

To his heart.

NAy, nay, thou ſtriu'ſt in vaine my heart,
To mend thy miſſe:
Thou haſt deſeru'd to beare this ſmart,
And worſe then this.
That wouldſt thy ſelfe debaſe,
To ſerue in ſuch a place.

Thou thought'ſt thy ſelfe too long at reſt,
Such was thy pride.
Needs muſt thou ſeeke another breſt
Wherein to bide.
Say now what haſt thou found?
In fetters thou art bound.

What hath thy faithfull ſeruice won,
But high diſdaine?

Broke

Broke is thy threed, thy fancy ſpun,
Thy labour vaine.
Faine art thou now with paine,
And canſt not riſe againe.

And canſt thou looke for helpe of mee
In this diſtreſſe ?
I muſt confeſſe I pitty thee,
And can no leſſe.
But beare a while thy paine,
For feare thou fall againe.

Learne by thy hurt to ſhun the fire,
Play not withall:
When climing thoughts high things aſpire,
They ſeeke their fall.
Thou ween'ſt nought ſhone but gold,
So waſt thou blind and bold.

Yet lye not ſtill for this diſgrace,
But mount againe,
So that thou know the wiſhed place,
Be worth thy paine.
Then though thou fall and dye,
Yet neuer feare to flye.

XXIIII. ODE.

A defiance to diſdainefull loue.

NOw haue I learn'd with much adoe at laſt,
By true diſdaine to kill deſire,
This was the marke at which I ſhot ſo faſt,
Vnto this height I did aſpire.
Proud loue, now doe thy worſt, and ſpare not,
For thee and all thy ſhafts I care not.

What haſt thou left wherewith to mooue thy mind:
What life to quicken dead deſire:
I count thy words and oathes as light as wind,
I feele no heate in all thy fire.
Goe change thy bow, and get a ſtronger,
Goe breake thy ſhafts, and buy thee longer.

In vaine thou bait'ſt thy hooke with beauties blaze,
In vaine thy wanton eyes allure,
Theſe are but toyes, for them that loue to gaze,
I know what harme thy lookes procure:
Some ſtrange conceit muſt be deuiſed,
Or thou and all thy skill deſpiſed.

Sciacet aſſerui iam nec, fugique catenas.

XXV: ODE.

The Tombe of dead Deſire.

VVHen Venus ſaw Deſire muſt dye,
Whom high diſdaine,
Had iuſtly ſlaine,
For killing Truth with ſcornfull eye,
The earth ſhe leaues and gets her to the skie:
Her golden haire ſhe teares,
Blacke weeds of woe ſhe weares:
For helpe vnto her father doth ſhe cry,
Who bids her ſtay a ſpace
And hope for better grace.

To ſaue his life ſhe hath no skill,
Whom ſhould ſhe pray,
What doe, or ſay,
But weepe for wanting of her will:
Meane time Deſire hath tane his laſt farewell,
And in a Meddow faire,
To which the Nimphs repaire,
His breathleſſe corps is laid with wormes to dwell:
So glory doth decay
When death takes life away.

When morning Starre had chaſde the night,
The Queene of Loue
Lookt from aboue,

To ſee the graue of her delight?
And as with heedfull eye ſhe viewd the place,
She ſpide a flower vnknowne,
That on his graue was growne,
In ſtead of learned verſe his tombe to grace.
If you the name require,
Hearts-eaſe from dead deſire.

XXVI. ODE.

Three Odes tranſlated out of Anacreon, *the Greeke Lyricke Poet.*

OF Atreus Sonnes faine would I write,
And faine of Cadmus would I ſing:
My Lute is ſet on Loues delight,
And onely Loue ſounds eu'ry ſtring.

Of late my Lute I alt'red quite,
Both frets and ſtrings for runes aboue,
I ſung of fierce Alcides might,
My Lute would ſound no tune but Loue.
Wherefore ye worthies all farewell,
No tune but Loue my Lute can tell.

XXVII. ODE.

A compariſon betwixt the ſtrength of beaſts, the wiſedome of Man, and the beauty of a womans heart.

THe Bull by nature hath his hornes,
The Horſes hooues to daunt their foes,
The light-foote Hare the hunter ſcornes,
The Lyons teeth his ſtrength diſcloſe.

The fiſh by ſwimming ſcapes the wheele,
The bird by flight the Fowlers net.
With wiſedome man is arm'd as ſteele,
From women none of theſe can get.

What haue they then? faire beauties grace,
A two-edg'd Sword, a truſty ſhield,
No force reſiſts a louely face,
Both fire and ſword to Beauty yeeld.

XXVIII. ODE.

OF late what time the Beare turn'd round,
At midnight in her wonted way,
And men of all ſorts ſlept full ſound,
Orecome with labour of the day:

The God of loue came to my dore,
And tooke the ring and knocks it hard:

Whoſe

Whole there, quoth I, that knocks ſo ſore,
You breake my ſleep, my dreams are mar'd?

A little boy, forſooth, quoth he,
Dong wet, with raine this moonleſſe night,
With that me thought it pittied me.
I op't the doore, and candle light.

And ſtraight a little boy I ſpide,
A winged Boy with ſhafts and bow,
I tooke him to the fire ſide,
And ſet him downe to warme him ſo.

His little hands in mine I ſtraine,
To rub and warme them therewithall:
Out of his locks I cruſh the raine,
From which the drops apace downe fall,

At laſt when he was waxen warme,
Now let me trie my Bow, quoth he.
I feare my ſtring hath caught ſome harme,
And wet, will prooue too ſlack for me,

He ſaid, and bent his bow and ſhot,
And weighty hit me on the heart,
The wound was ſore and raging hot,
The heate like fuery ſparkes my ſmart.

Mine Hhoaſt, quoth he, my ſting is well,
And laught ſo that he kept again:

Looke

Looke to your wound for feare of ſwell,
Your heart may hap to feele the paine.

XXIX. ODE.

Anacreons ſecond Ode, otherwiſe.

NAture in her worke doth giue,
to each thing that by her do liue
A proper gift where ſhe may,
Preuent in time her owne decay,
The Bull a horne, the Horſe a hooſe
The light-hooſe hare to run aloofe:
The Lyons ſtrength, who may reſiſt?
The birds aloft flye where they liſt.
The fiſh ſwimmes ſafe in water deep,
The ſilly worme at leaſt can creepe:
What is to come, men can forecaſt,
And learne more wit, by that is paſt.
The womans gift what might it be,
The ſame for which the Ladies three,
Pallas, Iuno, Venus ſtraue,
When each deſired it to haue.

XXX: ODE.

Anacreons third Ode otherwiſe.

CVpid abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the raine,
Harbour he ſought, to me he tooke his flight.
To dry, his plumes, I heard the Boy complaine.
I opt the dore, and granted his deſire,
I roſe my ſelfe, and made the wag a fire,

Eeying more narrow by the fiers flame,
I eſpide his Quiuer hanging at his back:
Doubting the Boy might my misfortune frame,
I would haue gone for feare of further wrack.
But what I fear'd, did me poore wretch betide,
And forth he drew an Arrow from his ſide.

He pierſt the quick and I began to ſtart,
A pleaſing wound, but that it was too high,
His ſhaft procur'd a ſharpe, yet ſugred ſmart,
Away he flew, for now his wings were drye.
But left the Arrow ſticking in my breſt,
Therefore I grieue, I welcom'd ſuch a Gueſt.

The

XXXI. ODE.

That time and abſence proues.
Rather helps then hurts to loues.

ABſence, heare thou my Proteſtation,
Againſt my ſtrength,
Diſtance and length:
Do what you can for alteration,
For hearts of trueſt mettle,
Abſence doth ioyne and time doth ſettle:

Who loues a Miſtreſſe of ſuch quality,
He ſoone hath found
Affections ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality
To hearts that cannot vary,
Abſence is preſent, time doth tarry.

My ſences want their outward motions:
Which now withiu
Reaſon doth win,
Redoubled in her ſecret notions:
Like rich men that take pleaſure,
In hiding, more then handling Treaſure.

By abſence, this good meanes I gaine,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In ſome cloſe corner of my braine:
There I imbrace and kiſſe her,
And ſo I both enioy and miſſe her.

Of

XXXII. ODE.

Of Cinthia.

THe ancient readers of heauens booke,
Which with curious eye did looke
Into Natures ſtory,
All things vnder Cynthia tooke
To be tranſitory.

This the learned only knew,
But now all men find it true,
Cynthia is deſcended,
With bright beames, and heauenly hew,
And letſer ſtarres attended.

Lands and ſeas ſhe rules below,
Where things change and ebbe, and flow,
Spring, waxe old, and periſh:
Only time which all doth mow.
Her alone doth cheriſh.

Times yong houres attend her ſtill,
And her eyes and cheekes do fill,
With freſh youth and beauty:
All her louers old do grow,
But their hearts they do not ſo
In their loue and duty.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFT BOOKE OF Epigrams and Epitaphs.

Of Epigrams.

Epigrams tranſlated out of Martiall.

Ad Æliam 76. l. 1.

Si memini fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes,
Expuit vna duos tuſſis & vna duos.
Iam ſecura potes totis tuſſire diebus,
Nil iſtuc quod agat tertia tuſſis habet.

Foure teeth of late you had, both black and ſhaking,
Which durſt not chew your meate for feare of aking,
But ſince your cough (without a Barbers aid)
Hath blowne them out, you need not be afraid.
On either ſide to chew hard cruſts, for ſure
Now from the Tooth-ach you liue moſt ſecure.

In

In Herm. 15.l.2.

Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas,
Humane facis, Herme, non ſuperbe.

A Monſieur Naſo, Verole.

Naſo let none drinke in his glaſſe but he,
Thinke you tis curious pride? tis curteſie.

De Manuella 51.l.1.

Os & libra tibi lingit, Manuella, catellus.
Non miror merdas ſi libet eſſe cani.

I muſe not that your Dog turds oft do eate,
To a tongue that licks your lips, a turd's ſweet meate.

De Milone.

Milo *domi non eſt, peregre Milone profecto,*
Arua vacant, vxor non minus inde parit.
Cur ſit ager ſterilis, cur vxor lactet, eadem
Quo fodiatur ager non habet vxor habet.

MILO liues long in France, and while he's there,
his grou̅d bears nought, his wife doth childre̅ beare,
Why ſhould th'one barren, th'other fertile be?
His ground lacks plowing vp, ſo doth not ſhe.

De

De Codro. Li. 15. 3.

Plus credit nemo, quam tota Codrus in vrbe,
Cum ſit tam pauper quomodo? cœnis amat.

CODRVS, although but of meane eſtate,
Truſts more then any Merchant in the citie,
For being old and blind he hath of late,
Married a wife, young, wanton, faire, and wittie.

Ad Quintum 117. L. 5.

Quæ legis cauſa nupſit tibi Lælia, Quinte.
Vxorem hanc puteris dicere legitimam.

THy lawfull wife faire Lælia needs muſt bee,
For ſhe was for'ſt by law to marry thee.

Nil mihi das viuus, dicis poſt fata daturum,
Si non es ſtultus, ſcis Mæro quid cupiam.

To A. S.

RIch Chremes whiles he liues will nought beſtow,
On his poore Heires, but all at his laſt day:
If he be halfe as wiſe as rich I trow,
He thinks that for his life they ſeldome pray.

Semper eris pauper, ſi pauper es, Æmiliane,
Dauter opes nullis nunc niſi diuitibus.

To all poore Schollers.

FAile ye of wealth, of wealth ye ſtill will faile,
None but fat ſowes are now greaz'd in the taile.

In Cinnam. 42. 42. L. 7.

Primum eſt vt præſtes, ſi quid te, Cinna rogabo,
Illud deinde ſequens, vt cito, Cinna, neges.

Diligo præſtanter, non odi Cinna, negantem,
Sed tunc præſtas, nec cito Cinna negas.

To his friends.

MY iuſt demaunds ſo one grant or ſoone deny,
Th'one friendſhip ſhowes, and th'other courteſie:
But who nor ſoone doth grant, nor ſoone ſay no,
Doth not true friendſhip, and good manners know.

In Cinnam. 107. L. 5.

Eſſe nihil dicis, quicquid petis, improbe Cinna,
Si nil Cinna petis, nil tibi Cinna negas.

WHat ſo'ere you coggingly require,
Tis noting (Cinna) ſtill you cry:
Then Cinna you haue your deſire,
If you aske nought, nought I deny.

De Philone. 48. L. 5.

Nunquam ſe cænaſſe domi Philo iurat, & hoc eſt,
Non cænat quoties nemo vocauit eum.

PHilo ſweares he ne're eates at home a nights,
He meanes, he faſts when no man him inuites.

12. L. 12.

YOu promiſe mountaines ſtill to me,
When ouer night ſtarke drunke you be.
But nothing you performe next day,
Hence forth be morning drunke, I pray.

A

Ad Peſſimos Coniuges. 35. L. 8.

Cum ſitis ſimiles, pareſque vita:
Vxor peſſima, peſſimus maritus,
Miror non bene conuenire vobis.

WHy do your wife and you ſo ill agree,
Since you in manners ſo well matched be?
Thou brazen-faſt, ſhe impudently bold,
Thou ſtill doſt brawle, ſhe euermore doth ſcold.
Thou ſeldome ſober art, ſhe often drunke,
Thou a whore-hunting knaue, ſhe a knowne Puncke.
Both of you filch, both ſweare and damne, and lie,
And both take pawnes, and Iewiſh vſurie,
Not manners like make man and wife agree,
Their manners muſt both like and vertuous bee.

EPIGRAMS.

A Rule for Courtiers.

HE that will thriue in Court muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blind, and deafe and dombe.

On a painted Courtizan.

WHoſoeuer ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth ieſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty that ſels all the reſt.

In Aulam.

HEr Sonnes rich Aula termes her Letchers all,
Whom other Dames loues, friends, and ſeruants call.
And ſure me thinkes her wit,
Giues them a name more fit.

For if all mothers them their ſonnes doe call
Whom they haue onely borne nine monthes in all,
May ſhe not call them Sonnes with better reaſon,
Whom ſhe hath borne nine times as long a ſeaſon?

For a Looking-glaſſe.

IF thou be faire, thy beauties beautifie,
With vertuous deeds and manners anſwerable:
If thou be foule, thy beauties want ſupply,
With a faire mind and actions commendable.

In Aſinium.

THou ſtill wert wont in earneſt or in ieſt,
To praiſe an Aſſe as a moſt worthy bèſt,
Now like an Aſſe thy ſelfe thou ſtill commendeſt.
Whats'ere thou ſpeakſt with thine own praiſe thou endeſt
Oh! I perceiue thou praiſeſt learnedly,
An Aſſe in Theſi and Hipotheſi.

On a limping Cuckold.

THou euermore doſt ancient Poets blame,
For faining Venus wife to Vulcan lame.
I blame the ſtarre, and Hymen to, that gaue
A faire ſtraight wife to thee a foule lame knaue,
And nought doth eaſe my griefe but onely this,
Thy Venus now hath got a Mars to kiſſe.

On Crambo a lowzie ſhifter.

BY want of ſhift ſince lice at firſt are bred,
And after by the ſame increaſt and fed,
Crambo I muſe how you haue lice ſo many,
Since all men know you ſhift as much as any.

In

In Quintum.

QVintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad,
For being poore he hath a good pretence,
At euery Church to craue beneuolence
For one that had by fire loſt all he had.

In Sabam.

WHy will not Saba in a glaſſe behold
Her face, ſince ſhe grew wrinckled, pale & old?
Doubtleſſe I thinke ſhe doubts that ougly ſight
Like Cow-turnd IO would her ſelfe affright.

In Aulum.

AVlus giues nought, men ſay, though much he craue,
Yet I can tell to whom the poxe he gaue.

F. D.

An Epigram to Sir Phillip Sidney in Elegical verſe, tranſlated out of Iodel, the French Poet.

Cambridge, worthy *Philip*, by thie verſe builds thee an altar
Gainſt time and tempeſt, ſtrong to abide for euer,
That praiſe of verſes no length of time can aboliſh,
With Greece and Italy purchaſed endleſſe honour:
I then purſuing their ſteps like glory to purchaſe,
Will make thy memory famous in after ages,
And in theſe meaſured verſes thy glory be founded,
So be thy holy fauour, help to my holy fury.

An Epigram in Hexameters, vpon the neuer enough praiſed Sir Philip Sidney.

What can I now ſuſpect, or what can I feare any longer?
Oft did I feare, oft hope, whilſt life in Sidney remained:
Of nothing can I now deſpaire, for nought can I hope for:
This good is in miſerie, when great extreamity grieues vs,
That neither hope of good, nor feare of worſe can affright vs
And can I then complaine, when no complaint can auaile me?
How can I ſeeme to be diſcontent, or what can I weepe for?
He liues eternall, with endleſſe glory bedecked:
Yea ſtill on earth he liues, and ſtill ſhall liue by the Muſes.

Another Epigram vpon the ſame.

What ſtrange aduenture? what now vnlook't for arriuall,
Hath drawne the Muſes from ſweete Bœotia mountaines,
To chuſe our countrey, to ſeeke in London abiding?
Are faire Caſtalian ſtreames dride? ſtands Cyrrha no longer?
Or loue the Muſes, like wantons oft to be changing?
Scarce can I that ſuppoſe, ſcarce thinke I thoſe to be Muſes.
No ſound of melodie, no voyce but dreary lamenting.
Yet well I wot too well, Muſes moſt dolefully weeping.
See where Melpomene ſits hid for ſhame in a corner,
Here ye the carefull ſighes, fetcht frō the depth of her entrails?
There weepes Calliope, there ſometimes luſtie Thaleia.
Aye me alas, now know I the cauſe, now ſeeke I no further,
Here lies their glory, their hope, their onely reioycing:
Dead lies worthy Philip, the care and praiſe of Apollo,
Dead lies his carkeſſe, but fame ſhall liue to the worlds end.

Other

Other Epigrams vpon the ſame.

Whom can I firſt accuſe? whoſe fault account I the greateſt,
Where kept the Muſes, what countries haunted Apollo?
Where loitred bloody Mars, where lingred worthy Minerua?
What could three ſiſters do more then nine in a combate?
Was force of no force? Was faire entreaty refuſed?
Where is the muſicke, that ſometimes moued Alecto?
That gain'd Eurydice, that left Proſerpina weeping.
Chooſe whether of the two you liſt, your skill to be nothing:
Or your moſt faithfull ſeruants vnkindly rewarded.
And thou that braggeſt of skilfull ſurgery knowledge,
That canſt of Simples diſcerne the qualitie ſecret,
And giue fit plaiſters for woundes that ſeeme to be cureleſſe,
Whereto auailes thy skill, that cannot Sidney recouer.
And couldeſt thou whilome preuaile with deſtinie fatall,
For King Admetus gainſt course of natural order,
As for Mars, wel I wot, cold froſt of Thracia kingdome,
Hath kild all kindneſſe, no ruth of them canbe look't for,
And daintie Pallas diſdaind forſooth to be preſent,
Enuy perhaps, nay griefe as I geſſe, was cauſe of her abſence.
Onely we poore wretches, whom Gods and Muſes abandon,
Lament thy timeleſſe decay with ſorrowful outcries.
But yet if hap ſome Muſe, would adde new grace to my verſes,
Germany, France, Italy, Spaine, Denmarke, Perſia, Turkie,
India where Phœbus mounts vp from ſea to the Skie-ward,
India where Phœbus fals downe from ſkie to the ſea-ward,
Tartary, Pole, Lettow, Muſcouy, Bohemia, Norway,

All Coaſts where riſing or falling Phœbus apeareth,
Should heare, and wonder to heare thy glory reſounded.
Armenian Tigres enrag'd for theft of a youngling,
Princely Lyons roaring, for want of prey to be ſtarued,
Fierce Beares, and grunting wilde Boares, upon Arcady moun-
(taines.
Should ſtand aſtoniſht, forgetting naturall of ſpring,
Forgetting hunger, forgetting ſlaughter apointed,
As when Calliopes deere ſonne, ſweete harmony ſinging.
Vnto the true conſent of his Harpe ſtrings tuned in order,
Drew from their places wild beaſts and trees by the muſicke.
Swift flowing Hebrus ſtai'd all his ſtreames in a wonder,
As if chil coldneſſe frorne had them downe to the bottome.
But for I wote to wel my ſlender skill to be nothing,
Here wil I quite forſweare both Verſe and Muſe in an anger
Leſt hap my rudeneſſe diſgrace thy glory by praiſing.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

The end of the Epigrams.

To the Epitaph vpon the heart of *Henry* the third, *late King of France and Poland: ſlaine* 1589. *by a Iacobine Fryar.*

Vpon the Tombe of his heart in the Church of S. Clou, neere Paris, adioyning to the houſe where he was ſlaine.

Adſta viator, & dole Regum vicem,
Cor Regis iſto conditum eſt ſub marmore,
Qui iura Gallis, iura Sarmatis dedit.
Tellus Cuculło hunc ſuſtulit Sicarius,
Abi Viator, & dole Regum vicem.

This Paraphraſtically Engliſhed.

WHether thy choice, or chance thee hither brings,
Stay Paſſenger, and waile the hap of Kings.
This little ſtone, a great Kings heart doth hold,
That rul'd the fickle French, and Polackes bold:
Whom with a mighty warlike hoſt attended
With traiterous knife, a couled monſter ended.
So fraile are euen the higheſt earthly things,
Go paſſenger, and waile the hap of Kings.

F. D.

An Epitaph on Henry *the fourth, the laſt King of France.*

THat we ſhould more bewaile the hap of Kings,
Great Henry Bourbons death occaſion brings,
To Henry Valois next crown'd King of France,
Next both in blood, in name, in reigne, in chance.

Perils

Perils his youth, warres did his manhood ſpend,
His old age peace, till murder his life did end:
His conqueſts glory, his wiſedome peace did win,
His faith heauen, Chriſt pardon for his ſinne.

An Epitaph on Queene Elizabeth.

ELiza that great maiden Queene lies here,
Who gouern'd England foure and fortie yere,
Our coynes refinde in Ireland tamde, Belgia protected,
Friended France, foiled Spaine, and Pope reiected:
Princes found her powerfull, the world vertuous,
Her Subiects wiſe and iuſt, and God religious:
God hath her ſoule, the world her admiration,
Subiects her good deeds, Princes her imitation.

Cha. Beſt.

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF Epiſtles.

Or letters in verſe.

MY deereſt ſweete, if theſe ſad lines do hap
The raging fury of the Sea to ſcape,
O be not you more cruell then the Seas,
Let Pittie now your angry mind appeaſe.
So that your hand may be their bleſſed Port,
From whence they may vnto your eies reſort,
And at that throne pleading my wretched caſe,
May moue your cruell heart to yeeld me grace.
So may no clouds of elder yeares obſcure
Your Sun-like eies, but ſtill as bright endure,

As

As then they ſhone when with one piercing Ray,
They made my ſelfe their ſlaue, my heart they pray:
So may no ſickneſſe nip thoſe flowers ſweete,
Which euer flowring on your cheekes do meete:
Nor all defacing time haue power to race,
The goodly building of that heauenly face.

Another.

Fountaine of bliſſe, yet well-ſpring of my woe,
(O would I might not iuſtly terme you ſo!)
Alas, your cruell dealing, and my fate,
Haue now reduc'de me to that wretched ſtate,
That I know not how, I my ſtile may frame
To thankes, or grudging, or to praiſe, or blame:
And where to write, I all my powers do bend,
There wot I not how to begin or end.
And now my driſling teares trill downe apace,
As if the latter would the former chaſe,
Whereof ſome few on my pale cheekes remaine,
Like wither'd flowers bedew'd with drops of raine:
The other falling in my Paper ſinke,
Or dropping in my Pen encreaſe my inke.
Which ſuddaine Paſſions cauſe, if you would finde,
A trembling feare doth now poſſeſſe my mind,
That you will not vouchſafe theſe lines to reade,
Leſt they ſome pittie in your heart may breede:
But or with angry frownes refuſe to take them,
Or taking them the fires fewell make them:
Or with thoſe hands (made to a milder end)
Theſe guiltleſſe leaues all into peeces rend.
O cruell Tyrant! (yet beloued ſtill,)

Where-

Wherein haue I deſeru'd of you ſo ill,
That all my loue you ſhould with hate requite,
And all my paines reward with ſuch diſpite?
Or if my fault be great (which I proteſt
Is onely loue, too great to be expreſt)
What, haue theſe lines ſo harmeleſſe innocent,
Deſeru'd to feele their Maſters puniſhment?
Theſe leaues are not vnto my fault conſenting:
And therefore ought not to haue the ſame tormenting.
When you haue read them, vſe them as you liſt,
For by your ſight they ſhall be fully bleſt:
But till you reade them, let the woes I haue
This harmleſſe Paper from your furie ſaue.

Another.

Cleare vp mine eyes, and dry your ſelues my teares,
And thou my heart baniſh theſe deadly feares:
Perſwade thy ſelfe, that though her heart diſdaine,
Either to loue thy loue, or rue thy paine,
Yet faire her eyes will not a looke deny,
To this ſad ſtory of thy miſerie.
O then my deere, behold the Portraiture,
Of him that doth all kind of woes endure,
Of him whoſe head is made a hiue of woes,
Whoſe ſwarming number daily greater growes:
Of him whoſe ſenſes like a Racke are bent,
With diuers motions my poore ſoule to rent:
Whoſe mind a mirror is, which onely ſhewes,
The ougly image of my preſent woes:
Whoſe memorie's a poyſon'd knife to teare
The euer bleeding wound my breaſt doth beare,

(The

(The euer-bleeding wound not to be cured,
But by thoſe eyes that firſt the ſame procured.)
And that poore heart, ſo faithfull, conſtant, true,
That onely loues, and ſerues, and honors you,
Is like a feeble ſhip, which torne and rent,
The Maſt of hope being broke, and tackling ſpent,
Reaſon the Pilot dead, the ſtarres obſcured,
By which alone to ſaile it was enured.
No Port, no Land, no comfort once expected,
All hope of ſafetie vtterly neglected,
With dreadfull terrour tumbling vp and downe,
Paſſions vncertaine, waues with hideous ſound,
Doth daily, hourely, minuitly expect
When either it ſhould runne, and ſo be wreck,
Vpon deſpaires ſharpe Rocke, or be o're-throwne
With ſtorme of your diſdaine ſo fiercely blowne.

Another.

But yet of all the woes that do torment me,
Of all the torments that do daily rent me,
Ther's none ſo great (although I am aſſured,
That euen the leaſt cannot be long endured:)
As that ſo many weekes (nay moneths, and yeares)
Nay tedious ages, (for it ſo appeares)
My trembling heart (beſides ſo many anguiſhes,)
T'wixt hope and feare vncertaine howerly languiſhes:
Whether your hands, your eyes, your heart of ſtone,
Did take my lines, and reade them, and bemone
With one kind word, one ſigh, one pittying teare,
Th'vnfained griefe which you do make me beare,
Whether y'accepted that laſt Monument

Of

Of my deere loue, the booke (I meane) I ſent
To your deere ſelfe, when the reſpectleſſe winde
Bare me away, leauing my heart behinde:
And daigne ſometimes when you the ſame do view
To thinke on him, who alwaie thinkes on you.
Or whether you (as Oh I feare you do)
Hate both my ſelfe, and gifts, and letters too.

Another.

I muſt confeſſe (vnkind) when I conſider,
How ill, alas, how ill agree togither
So peereleſſe beautie, to ſo fierce a minde,
So hard an inſide to ſo faire a rinde,
A heart ſo bloody to ſo white a breſt,
So proud diſdaine, with ſo milde lookes ſuppreſt:
And how my deere (Oh would it had beene neuer,
Accurſed word, nay would it might be euer:)
How once I ſay, till your heart was eſtranged,
(Alas how ſoone my day to night was changed)
You did vouchſafe my poore eies ſo much grace,
Freely to view the riches of your face,
And did ſo high exalt my lowly heart,
To call it yours, and take it in good part.
And (which was greateſt bliſſe) did not diſdaine,
For boundleſſe loue to yeeld ſome loue againe.
When this (I ſay) I call vnto my mind,
And in my heart and ſoule no cauſe can find.
No fact, no word, whereby my heart doth merit,
To loue that loue, which once I did inherit,
Deſpaire it ſelfe cannot make me deſpaire
But that you'le proue as kind as you are faire,

And I

And that my lines, and booke (O would t'were true)
Are, though I know't not yet, receiu'd by you,
And often haue your crueltie repented.
Whereby my guiltleſſe heart, is thus tormented,
And now at length in lieu of paſſed woe,
Will pittie, kindneſſe, loue and fauour ſhoe.

Another.

But when againe my curſed memory,
To my ſad thoughts confounded diuerſlie,
Preſents the time, the teare-procuring time,
That wither'd my young ioyes before their prime:
The time when I with tedious abſence tired
With reſtleſſe loue, and rackt deſire inſpired,
Comming to finde my earthly Paradiſe,
To glaſſe my ſight in your two heauenly eies,
(On which alone my earthly ioyes depended,
And wanting which, my ioy and life were ended)
From your ſweete roſie lips, the ſprings of bliſſe,
To draw the Nectar of a ſweeteſt kiſſe:
My greedy eares on your ſweete words to feed,
VVhich canded in your ſugred breath proceed,
In daintieſt accents through that currall dore,
Guarded with pretious Pearle and Rubies ſtore:
To touch your hand ſo white, ſo moyſt, ſo ſoft,
And with a rauiſht kiſſe redoubled oft,
Reuenge with kindeſt ſpight the bloody theft,
VVhereby it cloſely me my heart bereft:
And of all bliſſe to taſte the conſummation,
In your ſweet gracefull heauenly conuerſation.
By whoſe ſweete charmes the ſoules do you inchant,

Of

Of all that do your louely preſence haunt:
In ſtead of all theſe ioyes I did expect,
Found nought but frownes, vnkindneſſe and neglect,
Neglect, vnkindneſſe, frownes? nay plaine contempt,
And open hate from no diſdaine exempt,
No bitter words, beſides lookes, nor ought that might
Engrieue, encreaſe ſo vndeſerued ſpight.
VVhen this (I ſay) I thinke, and thinke withall,
How, nor thoſe ſhowers of teares mine eyes let fall
Nor wind of bluſtring ſighes withall their force,
Could moue your rockie heart once to remorce,
Can I expect that letter ſhould finde grace,
Or pittie euer in your heart haue place?
No, no, I thinke, and ſad deſpaire ſaies for me,
You hate, diſdaine, and vtterly abhorre me.

Another.

Alas my Deere, if this you do deuiſe,
To try the vertue of your murthering eies,
And in the Glaſſe of bleeding hearts to view
The glorious ſplendor of your beauties hew,
Ah! try it on rebellious hearts and eyes,
That do withſtand the power of ſacred lights
And make them feele, (if any ſuch be found)
How deepe and cureleſſe your eyes can wound:
But ſpare, O ſpare my yeelding heart, and ſaue
Him whoſe chiefe glory is to be your ſlaue:
Make me the matter of your clemencie,
And not the ſubiect of your Tyrannie.

FINIS.

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